THE WONDER WORKERS

MARY H. WADE

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THE WONDER-WORKERS

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Thomas A. Edison. *Frontispiece.*

THE WONDER-WORKERS

BY
MARY H. WADE
Author of "New Little Indians," etc.

ILLUSTRATED

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TO

MY NIECE MABEL

A WONDER-WORKER IN GENTLE KINDLINESS

PREFACE

THERE are few boys and girls who have not taken delight in fairy tales. Cinderella and her glass slipper, The Sleeping Beauty, and Jack the Giant Killer can never be forgotten. They are stories of deeds so wonderful that although we follow them with delight, we feel that they cannot be true. They could happen only in a realm where fairies dwell, and here, alas! in this matter-of-fact world of our own, fairies can have no existence.

Yet, strange as it may seem, in our very midst people are living who are doing things quite as wonderful as those related in fairy books.

One of these Wonder-Workers is Luther Burbank, the Flower-Magician. Even when a tiny baby, he showed his love for flowers. Later, when he grew to be a man,

he put his mind and will to work upon them, till at last all the world held its breath. "Look!" people said, "A man like ourselves has changed the nature of plants. He has created new and beautiful flowers. He has given us fruits never found on the earth before."

The blind deaf-mute, Helen Keller, has worked wonders in a quite different way. Before her second birthday illness seized the merry, active girl-baby, and shut her out forever from those things which we look on as the most precious gifts we possess. The child could no longer see the beautiful sky, the graceful trees, the delicate flowers. She would never again hear her mother's voice or the sweet singing of birds. She would lose the power to speak and the meaning of words, because sound had become dead to her. The beautiful soul was still there, but it was shut up so closely in its prison house, the body, that Helen's dearest friends could not reach her and help the lonely little girl to bear her new, strange life. But in time a teacher

came to her, and, with her help, the magic gift of touch was set to work.

Through touch, Helen's mind was trained so that she could enjoy the beauty of the many forms around her, and get delight from waves of sound, when, moving through the air, they reached her face and hands. The sense of touch was still kept busy while the child learned that, as the soft breezes blowing against her face brought a feeling of pleasure, there were other things which she could feel in the heart alone, — the feeling of love for others and of delight in doing good.

As time passed by, it was through the sense of touch that Helen became able to read books printed in raised type and thus learn the thoughts of the wise and good. Touching the throats of her friends while they were speaking, the child, after months of patient struggle, gained the power to speak.

Now a college graduate, Helen Keller is not satisfied, but is still busy reading the best books of all times and writing out her own beautiful thoughts for the good of

others. She is the greatest magician of touch the world has ever known.

Wonderful work is being done to-day by William Reuben George, who has shown this country how much magic there is in sympathy. His first years were spent in the country. Afterwards he moved to the great city of New York, where he became interested in the children of the poor, — boys and girls who were crowded together in dark, cheerless tenements, and spent their playtime in the city streets.

Mr. George longed to bring happiness to these children. He planned and worked till he had made a vacation camp in the country for them. But he was not satisfied till he had established a Home where the children of the poor could be happy and comfortable all the year round. To make this possible, however, they must govern and support themselves.

Never was such a thing done before, but Mr. George showed the people who laughed at the idea that it was possible. To-day visitors from all over the world

go to visit the George Junior Republic in Western New York, while other republics have been started on the same plan in different parts of the United States.

Thomas Alva Edison has shown what magic can be wrought by sound as well as by electricity. Although his parents were poor and he had little schooling, the boy's mind was busy learning all it could of the great world around him. He spent his spare time in reading books and making experiments. As he grew older, he gave to the world inventions which filled people with wonder. One of the greatest of these is the phonograph, or "talking machine" as it was first called. Mr. Edison is a rich man to-day, yet he is never idle. With his mind full of new inventions, he is never so happy as when experimenting in his workshop.

Miss Jane Addams has shown the world what magic can be wrought by a heart filled with the spirit of friendship.

At Hull House, in the heart of the city of Chicago, Miss Addams has made a

beautiful home, where the poorest people are made welcome. Old and young are helped and made happy here. There is a gymnasium for the boys. There are classes in music, drawing and sewing. Plays, concerts and other entertainments, given in the big hall, are free to all. The sick, the needy and the lonely are sure of help and cheer if they seek Miss Addams. Each new year finds more men and women, more boys and girls, who look upon this lady as the truest friend they have ever known.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell has a heart so filled with love for others that he has scarcely time to think of himself. Dr. Grenfell spends his life among the families of the poor fishermen along the bleak coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador. He goes where no physician has ever been before. He heals the sick; he carries food and clothing to the needy; he even provides dolls and toys for children who did not know the joys of Christmas time till he came among them.

He cheers and comforts the people by talking with them about the Heavenly Father, who is Love itself. He cures sick minds as well as sick bodies.

Judge Benjamin B. Lindsey, a magician of faith, has worked wonders among boys who have broken the laws of the State and were considered bad by other people. Judge Lindsey believed that they did wrong because they had not been treated fairly. He had such faith in them that he felt sure they would become good and helpful if they understood what was right. He saw that in the first place the laws ought to be altered. They should not be the same for old people and for young. His ideas were laughed at, and he was called hard names; yet he worked with all his might to bring about the needed change. In the meantime he showed the young people who were brought into court for doing wrong, that he had faith in them. They were proud of the trust, and tried to be better so that their good friend might not be disappointed. At last the laws

were changed as Judge Lindsey had wished, and he has already lived to see many young people who had begun to follow wrong ways, so changed that they are now growing up into happy, helpful men and women.

When you have read the story of what Judge Lindsey has done, as well as of the other Wonder-Workers described in this little book, you will no doubt agree with me that there are magicians in our own world to-day who are as great as those belonging to the kingdom of fairies.

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THE WONDER-WORKERS

I

THE FLOWER-MAGICIAN

WHAT has been most interesting to you in the fairy stories that you have read? Was it not the magic wand by means of which common stones were turned into gold, and rags into silk and satin garments?

It was very wonderful, and no doubt you wished for such a wand yourself, but believed it was quite impossible to possess one, even if you hunted the world over.

Now there is a quiet man in the western part of the United States who has found a magic wand and uses it for the good of

others. If he were selfish and thought only of what he could gain for himself, it might become useless.

The name of this man is Luther Burbank, and the wand which he possesses was given him by no fairy godmother. It is his own patient, observing mind which has knocked so persistently at Dame Nature's door, that she has been forced to open and reveal her secrets.

This great magician is generally spoken of as the most successful breeder of plants in the world, which he has not only made richer by giving us new fruits and vegetables, but more beautiful with new and lovelier flowers.

Luther Burbank was born in the little town of Lancaster, Massachusetts, on the seventh of March, 1849. The boy's father was a great lover of books; his mother cared most for the beautiful things in the world around her. As Luther grew up he showed a love for both beautiful thoughts and beautiful objects. He had the nature of both parents.

Even when he was a baby he was not like other children. Sometimes, as he lay in his cradle, his mother or one of his sisters would bring a flower and place it in his tiny hands. He would not crush or drop it, as other babies would have done, but would hold it tenderly until it drooped and faded. It seemed as though he felt in some dim way that it was a living thing. One day something happened to one of the flowers which Luther's sister had brought him. A petal fell off while the baby was holding it. This seemed to trouble him very much. He picked up the petal and tried to put it back in its place. He worked very patiently to make it perfect once more, but the tiny fingers could not do what the busy mind wished so much.

As the baby grew older and could trot about from place to place, he did not care for pet animals, like most children. Instead of these he chose plants for his friends. One of the plants which he loved very dearly was a lobster-cactus. It grew in a pot and, with this in his arms, the

little fellow would toddle about, indoors and out.

One day a sad thing happened. Luther fell down, and the plant which he was carrying so tenderly was broken from its stem. He could not be comforted; he felt that he had lost a dear friend.

As he grew up, he was sent to school. All his teachers were pleased with him, for they quickly noticed his fondness for study. It was not only what he found in the books of the schoolroom, however, that interested him. A very great book was spread out for him to read in the world around him. It was the book of Nature. The pages were so many that there was no end to the treasures to be found there. The birds and the insects, the flowers and the trees — there was so much to learn about them! Luther never grew tired of his studies.

He enjoyed boys' sports, too. He played games; he fished and hunted; but after all he was happiest when in the company of Nature herself. His eyes were so bright

that they saw many things which others passed by.

One day he was standing near some men who were putting together the parts of a mower. There was one piece for which they could not find the proper place. The boy watched them quietly, but did not speak until they were about to stop trying. Then he stepped up to one of them and pointed to a place on the machine where he thought the bit of iron should be put. The man did as the boy suggested, and lo! the mower was complete and ready for use.

"But how did you know that was the place for the piece of iron?" somebody asked him.

"Because you couldn't put it anywhere else," Luther answered.

One of the dearest of his friends was a young cousin, the son of a minister. This boy was also fond of Nature, but particularly of rocks and stones, the study of which we call geology. He was much older than Luther, and was a close friend of

Agassiz, the great scientist. No doubt this young man helped to keep his cousin interested in the wonders of the world around him.

When Luther was old enough, he studied in the academy of his home town in the winter. Then, when summer came, he worked in a factory in Worcester. The days in the factory were long and the work was hard, while the wages were small. Luther received three dollars a week, and it cost him at least three dollars and a half a week to feed and clothe himself.

Though he worked so hard, he was not supporting himself. But the boy was not discouraged. He set his mind to work and invented a machine which would do the work of six men. The people who employed him were so pleased that they raised his pay.

"That boy will be a great inventor yet," many a person thought in those days. He might have become one, without doubt, but when the time came for him to decide upon his life-work, he chose something

which no one else could have done, and he has never been sorry.

Summer after summer he worked in the factory, but never for one day did he forget the work which he knew he loved best in the world. He wished to help Nature by making old things better than they were, and new things better than the old.

At last the time arrived when Luther left the factory for good, and began to raise seeds and vegetables in a little market-garden. A great day came — it was a red letter day in the young man's life and could never be forgotten. He found himself greater than an inventor; he was a creator.

Some time before this he had been watching the potatoes in his garden very closely. The green tops were not all alike, and one of them had something not found in any of the others. It was a seed-ball.

Luther said to himself: "If I plant this seed-ball, quite different potatoes will grow from it than from the other plants."

He watched the seed-ball carefully. One

day, when he went to look at it, it was gone. He was greatly disappointed. What could have become of it? He began to look around, and at last found it upon the ground, where a stray dog had possibly knocked it down as he ran past.

From this very seed-ball came the delicious Burbank potato. No doubt your father has heard of it, but perhaps he did not think of the man who developed it. At the very time when Mr. Burbank first raised it in his little market-garden, many people feared that there would soon be a potato famine, because these vegetables were becoming poorer every year.

It is now said that this country has gained twenty millions of dollars through Mr. Burbank's discovery. He himself sold the seed which he had raised for one hundred and fifty dollars.

Soon afterward he had a slight sunstroke from working in his garden on a hot summer's day. When he got better, he thought of California, where he felt he could live out-of-doors without any fear of the sun.

Then he could work to his heart's content among his plants.

Not long afterwards he started for California, taking with him ten of his new potatoes. He was now twenty-one years old and had saved only a small sum of money. He reached San Francisco and then traveled northward till he came to a valley among the Coast Range mountains.

When he arrived there he tried to find work, but it was not so easy to get as he had hoped. He went from one place to another and failed each time. His money was going fast, and he was almost discouraged. Then he heard that help was needed on a new building in a town not far away. He went to the place and asked for work.

"But you have no tools," he was told. "Get a shingling hatchet and you may have the job."

He went away and spent nearly all the money he had left for a new hatchet. He came back quite sure that he could now get work; but, sad to say, some one else

had been given the job while he was gone.

He did not stop to think of his bad fortune, but set out once more, and this time he got a chance to clean coops on a chicken ranch. For months afterwards he slept in one of the coops every night because he did not receive pay enough to hire a room. Sometimes this work on the chicken farm failed and the young man did not have money to buy enough food to keep him alive. Then he was obliged to go to the meat market in the village, where he was given the bones which had been laid aside for dogs. He gnawed away the meat from these and thus satisfied his hunger.

After a while he got work in the nursery of a hothouse. The job was a steady one, but the pay was so small that even now Mr. Burbank did not have money enough to hire a good lodging. His employer allowed him to sleep in a bare room over the hothouse. It was so damp there that the young man's clothing was wet all the time.

He had never been very strong, and

before long the hard work and the dampness brought on a fever. A kind-hearted neighbor found out how sick and poor he was. She was poor herself and had a large family to care for, but she insisted on bringing him every day some of the fresh milk which her one cow gave her.

Mr. Burbank begged her not to do this. He might not live to be able to pay her for her kindness. But the good woman would not listen to him and insisted on giving him daily a pint of milk. There is no doubt that this kept him from dying.

Think of it! this man who had already done what would gain for his country millions of dollars and who was yet to become one of the great people of the world, was sick and starving, kept alive by the generosity and charity of a poor woman.

He was brave and hopeful through all this trouble, and at last the fever left him. Then, pale and thin, he started out once more in search of work. He was able to find it now. He took one job after another, and as the weeks passed by he managed

to save small sums of money, which he put in the bank.

All this time he had one ambition. As soon as possible he would have a garden of his own, where he could work and make experiments. More than this, he would create new plants. It was a happy day for him when he had saved enough money to get a small plot of ground where he could start a nursery. His heart sang a song of joy and gladness, yet he little thought that the time would come when people all over the country would speak of the wonders of this place.

He was now quite well. Every morning found him at his work; every evening saw him tired, yet happy and contented. One day an order came from a man who wished to start a ranch for raising prunes. He asked Mr. Burbank for twenty thousand young prune trees. He must have them all ready in nine months.

"I will fill that order," the young nurseryman said to himself. But how was it to be done? Any one else would require at least

two years and a half to get so many trees ready for planting. No matter how carefully they were nursed, they would grow only so fast. Now it was that Burbank began to play the magician. He would make use of a secret which he had forced Nature to give up to him. First of all, he sent out in different directions for men and boys to work for him.

As soon as they arrived he set them to planting almonds. Perhaps you wonder what almonds can have to do with prunes, but you will quickly find out. It was already late in the season, but the almond seed would sprout at this time when any other which could be used in the way that Mr. Burbank planned would not sprout. Then, too, the almond tree grows very fast.

As the seeds sprouted and shot up into the air, it seemed to the young nurseryman that he could see them grow. The time soon came when they were ready for budding. Twenty thousand prune buds had been made ready by this time and these were budded into the young almond shoots.

You can hardly realize how eagerly Mr. Burbank watched and tended his nursery. Everything went well, and when the nine months came to an end, behold! there were twenty thousand prune trees ready for the ranchman. He was very much pleased, and gladly paid Mr. Burbank a sum of money which made him feel quite rich.

It is twenty years since the young nurseryman forced Nature to help him by letting one kind of tree work for another, but if you should visit California, you may see that prune orchard, and you will be told that it is one of the best in the State.

Mr. Burbank loved his work, and was anxious to succeed, but he was very honest. Everything he raised must be exactly what he said it was. Before long, people found this out. They would say: "If this thing comes from Burbank, it must be all right." You can see that they trusted him perfectly.

A time came when he needed some extra money. If he did not have it, he could not go on with his work; but he did not know of any one who would lend it to him.

One day, when he had given up all hope of doing what he wished, he saw a team of horses coming down the road. Behind them sat a man who was said to be a great miser. Before the man reached him, he began shouting to Mr. Burbank. He said he had been watching him for a long time, and liked the way in which he attended to his business. He felt that the young man did not have as easy a time as he should. Did he not need some extra money now?

Mr. Burbank answered that he could use one hundred dollars that very day, and that it would be of great help to him. At this the man whom everybody called mean and miserly pulled out his wallet and handed out two hundred dollars. How astonished Mr. Burbank was!

As the visitor drove away he called out: "No, I don't want no note, nor no interest, neither: when you get ready to pay it, all right. G'long there."

From this time Mr. Burbank was more and more successful in his business. It was not very long before he was making ten

thousand dollars a year. But he was not satisfied. He had been reading the best books about plant growing, and thinking, and making new plans all the time. His nursery was good, but he thought and felt that he could do still better and greater work than he had already done.

After thinking it over very carefully, the day came when he said: "I will sell my nursery, and will give all my time to breeding new plants."

"How foolish!" thought his friends. They tried their best to make him keep on with his old work. Give up ten thousand dollars a year for the sake of his dream! Surely he must listen to reason.

But he would not listen, and it was not a dream. He had thought the matter over very carefully. The nursery should be sold, — and sold it was.

Then Mr. Burbank began on the work that was dearest to his heart. He took new fruits and flowers, or old ones that had been improved through great care and nursing. From these he made still others that were

better or more beautiful. Slowly but surely he met with success.

People all over the world began to hear of Luther Burbank and the wonderful things he was doing. He had actually created new berries, new flowers, new fruits. He was Nature's helper in making the world richer and more beautiful than before. His friends must have laughed when they thought of the minister who asked Mr. Burbank to attend his church one morning in order to hear a sermon he was to preach.

The young man did as he was asked, but found to his surprise that the sermon was about himself. It had been written to show how wicked the minister thought he was for daring to change plants from what God had made them, or to create new forms. He was setting himself up against God. This minister, you see, did not understand Mr. Burbank or his love for Nature. Instead of setting himself against God and His handiwork, he was using the talents the Great Father had be-

stowed on him in helping to make what He had given more useful and beautiful.

As time went by Mr. Burbank found that he needed a great deal of money to carry out his plans.

"What a mistake it was for him to give up his nursery," thought his friends. "He should have been satisfied with that." Other people, like the minister who had preached the sermon against him, believed that he was really doing wrong. Still others tried to take away his good name. "He is only pretending to do great things," they declared. But after they had visited him and watched him at his work, they went away ashamed of themselves for misjudging him.

He had already made the world more beautiful. He had already made his country richer by millions of dollars. But he had plans for doing still greater things. That he might have the money to carry them out was his dearest wish.

At last help came. In the city of Washington there is an Institution founded by

the rich Scotchman, Andrew Carnegie. It is called the Carnegie Institution, and its work is to help such people as Luther Burbank.

After carefully examining what he was doing, it decided that one hundred thousand dollars should be set apart for his use. Each year he should be given ten thousand dollars of this sum to use in his work in whatever way he might think best.

You can scarcely imagine how happy Mr. Burbank was when he learned that he was to receive this help. It was not that he himself was to be more comfortable. Indeed he would henceforth work harder than ever if this could be possible. But he could now make some of his dreams real, and this thought made him happier than fine palaces and rich jewels could make many other people.

Perhaps you would like to hear of some of the good and beautiful things which never grew upon the earth until Mr. Burbank's busy mind and hands set to work. You have probably seen cactus plants

with their sharp thorns and prickly leaves. As you looked at them you felt that you did not care to handle them. These plants have their home in the hot deserts, and woe to the poor horse who plants his foot among them.

Mr. Burbank thought about the cactus for a long time. Since it grows in the deserts where other plants will not thrive, he felt it would be good to change it so that there would be no sharp thorns or spicules on the edges of the leaves. Better still, if it could only bear a fruit that would be edible, it would furnish food to animals and travelers crossing the deserts.

After much thinking this good man set to work, and in the course of time his wishes came true. He created cacti which were not only thornless but were edible. It was as wonderful as the changing of Cinderella's rags into silken garments.

This new cactus fruit is shaped somewhat like a fat cucumber flattened at the ends. Sometimes its color is a beautiful yellow. Sometimes the flesh is crimson. Every one

who tastes it calls it delicious. Some say that it reminds them of peaches; others, again, declare it is like a melon; still others claim it is more like a pineapple.

After hearing all this, would you not like to find yourself in a desert some day with these edible cacti growing all about you? How did Mr. Burbank create this new fruit? How did he change the nature of the cactus altogether?

It is a long story, which would be hard for us to understand entirely. But this we are told. First of all, Mr. Burbank made a picture in his mind of the kind of cactus he wished for. The thorns and the spicules must be done away with, of course. They took much of the strength of the plant.

Mr. Burbank learned all he could concerning the different kinds of cactus. In some countries he found that it bore a fruit which could be eaten. In others it had few or no thorns.

"I will bring three different kinds together," he said to himself, "and from them I will breed a plant which shall have all

the good qualities of all the different cacti that I know."

Much time passed by before he could get seeds from the different kinds of cactus, because they were scattered all over the world. After he had obtained them, beds of earth were prepared with great care, in which thousands of these seeds were planted. Then, as the plants grew and blossomed, the bees came to help Mr. Burbank by carrying the pollen from one plant to another. From this came crossings — that is, when the seeds of the plants ripened, they were quite different from the seeds of the old plants, because the germs of life inside of them partook of the nature of two very different cacti.

The habits of the old plants, in which they had been growing for perhaps millions of years, must be changed. Over and over again Mr. Burbank made such crossings, for the cacti could not change their habits easily and grow in new ways. They were like stubborn children. Time and care and the greatest of patience were needed. But

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the man who had the plan of a useful and beautiful cactus in his mind would not be discouraged.

In and out among his plants he would go, choosing, out of thousands, one that showed a change for the better. From these the seeds should be used for the next planting. Years passed by and at last came a new gift to men, by means of which deserts can be changed into world-gardens. Even now Mr. Burbank is not quite satisfied. There is still work to be done before the cactus will be quite what he wishes it to be.

Do you like plums? And did you ever taste apricots when fresh-picked from the trees? Both these fruits are good, but if the qualities which make each one pleasing to the taste were added together, what a delicious fruit there would be.

This is what Mr. Burbank thought. So he set to work, and kept on working till he had produced a new fruit in which the plum and apricot were joined together. This he named the plumcot. You may have heard of it and of its delicious flavor.

Perhaps, when you have eaten plums, you have wished that they had no pits. Possibly Mr. Burbank wished this, too. At any rate, he worked until he produced a tree which bore plums without pits. He has created still others which have the delicate flavor of Bartlett pears.

If you are fond of berries, you may like to hear of the princess berry which Mr. Burbank made by uniting the raspberry and the blackberry. Still more wonderful is the berry which he created by joining the California dewberry and the raspberry. It is so wonderful that it is called the phenomenal berry.

When people heard that Mr. Burbank was planning to do these things, they cried out: "It is not possible."

To-day they are obliged to say that gentle, quiet Mr. Burbank has carried out his new and wonderful ideas, and that he has made these and many more things possible. He is a true magician.

Do you like the field daisy which is so common in many parts of America? The

farmers call it a bad weed, for it chokes out the grass which they wish to raise for hay.

On the hillsides near Mr. Burbank's New England home many wild flowers grew. As a boy he loved them all. He watched for their coming in the springtime. He knew how late in the autumn he could find them. They were his dear friends. Among them was the little field daisy, so common that many pass it by without noticing its beauty.

After Luther Burbank grew up and became a man, he remembered this little friend of his childhood. He thought: "I will make a daisy which every one will admire."

He learned that in England there are daisies which are larger and have coarser stems than those which he had always known. In far-away Japan this flower is small, but of the purest white. The New England daisy, though neither large nor perfectly white, is strong. It cannot be easily killed. He would join together

the best daisies of the three continents, and make a fourth one which should possess the best qualities of each. He trusted in Nature to help him and she did not disappoint him.

Think of it! before Mr. Burbank could make what he wished, he had to plant hundreds of thousands of daisies. He had to give them the most watchful care. Again and again one out of millions was chosen on account of the seed it bore. Season after season the bees gave their aid in carrying the pollen from the blossoms of one plant to another. Only the strongest plants were allowed to live; for, first of all, the new daisy must be strong.

At last the wonderful Shasta daisy was created. There was never such a daisy before. It will grow in the cold lands of the north as well as close to the equator. The flower will remain fresh in water for weeks after it has been cut from the plant. It is very large and beautiful, with snow-white petals and a center of velvety yellow.

Not far from Mr. Burbank's California

home there is a high mountain peak whose summit is always covered with snow. It is called Mt. Shasta, this word meaning snow. "I will call my new daisy after the mountain peak that I love so well," Mr. Burbank decided, and so it came to be known as the Shasta daisy.

Among other flowers which Mr. Burbank has made more beautiful is the amaryllis. He has changed it so that it is nearly twelve inches in diameter. It is of brilliant color, — pink, crimson or scarlet, and sometimes all of these may be found in a single blossom. The common amaryllis has a slender stem. This would not be strong enough to hold the large, new flower. Mr. Burbank had to change the nature of the whole plant, and before he had finished he was able to show an amaryllis with a short, thick stem and a stout trunk.

After the master had given this amaryllis to the world, he received a letter which touched him deeply. It came from a professor in an eastern college. The professor told in his letter of a dear son whom

he had lost and whom he loved tenderly, and of his wish to give the world some token of the beautiful child who had gone. At last he had decided that nothing would be better than to plant on the grave of his son the amaryllis which Mr. Burbank had created. There it grew and was soon covered with rich and glorious blossoms. No monument could be better fitted to his son than this. It is no wonder that Mr. Burbank was pleased to hear of the use which had been made of one of his plant-children.

Up with the birds, we often say of people who rise early to begin the work of the day. It might be more fitting to speak of Mr. Burbank as up with the bees; for, during the season when the pollen is carried from flower to flower, those little insects are the friends on whom he depends so much for help.

The men who aid him in tending his plants are chosen with the greatest care. They must love their work or they would fail to do it as they should, — and every part

of it needs delicate and thoughtful attention.

If you could watch the faces of these men as they bend over the ground, pulling out the weeds, making new beds, digging up the delicate plants and setting them out in new places, you would see that they show pride in their work and the desire to help their master in every way possible.

He moves in and out among them, noticing a thousand things which we would pass by without a glance. In a few minutes he may have chosen one plant among hundreds as the best one of its kind for the especial purpose he has in mind.

Sometimes it is necessary for Mr. Burbank to walk over his entire ranch without stopping for breakfast. But from morning until night he is busy, guiding and watching his workmen, but also giving some time to the letters from all over the world which must be answered.

Others can write a portion of these answers for him, but there are some letters that no one but he can attend to, as

they come from men who, like himself, are studying Nature and wish his help; or, it may be, the letters have to do with his own work, telling him of new plants and seeds he wishes to obtain.

In a single year Mr. Burbank receives about fifty thousand letters. People from all over the world go to visit him. They desire to know this wonderful man. They also wish to see the ranches where his trees and plants are growing. One of these ranches is at Santa Rosa, where its master has his home in a beautiful, vine-covered cottage. The other ranch, which is still larger, is eight miles away, at Sebastopol.

It is said that at least six thousand visitors go to Santa Rosa every year. If Mr. Burbank should meet and talk with them all, he would have no time for the work which needs his constant care. So, out of all these thousands, only a few people are permitted to meet him.

When one thinks of all he has to attend to in one short day, it is no wonder that when evening comes this busy man stretches

himself out on a couch in his sitting-room like a tired child. There he lies for an hour or more, resting. By nine o'clock he is glad to go to bed and forget his work in a long night's sleep.

Mr. Burbank does not look strong. In fact, he has broken down under his work many times since that first fever. If you could meet him, you would notice, first of all, the clear blue eyes which are always changing. Sometimes they dance, and sometimes they are filled with sadness, and then again they sparkle with some bright thought. Children love those eyes, and love and trust their owner. Indeed, every one who knows Mr. Burbank feels his goodness. There is only praise in all the country round for the man who came to make his home there years ago.

When Mr. Burbank has a chance to rest from his work he prefers to do very simple things. Perhaps he takes a tramp among the mountains he likes so well. It may be that he goes to the seashore for a short stay, for he likes the ocean as he

does the mountains. Or, perhaps, he visits some dear friends, where he can laugh and talk and forget his many cares for a short time. But he enjoys nothing better than a romp with children, for he loves these little ones very dearly.

In a town not far away from his home, a new park was given by a certain man in memory of his child. Mr. Burbank was asked to speak on the day when the park was given. These are some of the words he used:

"I love sunshine, the blue sky, trees, flowers, mountains, green meadows, sunny brooks, the ocean when its waves softly ripple along the sandy beach, or when pounding the rocky cliffs with its thunder and roar, the birds of the field, waterfalls, the rainbow, the dawn, the noonday, and the evening sunset, — but children above them all. Trees, plants, flowers, are always educators in the right direction; they always make us happier and better, and, if well grown, they speak of loving care and respond to it as far as is in their power; but

in all this world there is nothing so appreciative as children, — these sensitive, quivering creatures of sunshine, smiles, showers and tears."

With all his work and many cares, Mr. Burbank never forgets his dear old mother, now nearly one hundred years old. No day is begun without a loving "good morning" to her. No evening comes to an end without a tender good night kiss. Always, through his busiest hours, he is thinking and planning for this mother's comfort.

The whole world is richer because of this great, good man, Luther Burbank.

II

THE MAGICIAN OF TOUCH

WILL you try a little experiment? Then close your eyes tightly, and seal your ears so that you cannot hear any of the sounds around you. You will now find yourself in the world in which Helen Keller lives all the time.

It seems a dreary and lonely world to you, does it not? Yet to this wonderful young woman it is beautiful and full of interest. Though she lives in the midst of silence and darkness, she is happy and cheerful, and ever able to enjoy the funny side of whatever takes place. She is a true wonder-worker, for she has done so much with the sense of touch that it has astonished every one who knows her.

She has worked earnestly and patiently for others who are deaf and blind, giving

them courage to study and so make themselves useful. She has also written books filled with beautiful thoughts, which are helping thousands of people to-day who are not shut out like herself from the world of sight and hearing.

In the year 1880 Helen Keller was born in a vine-covered cottage in Tuscumbia, a small town in Alabama. The baby was lulled to sleep by the sweet songs of robins and mocking-birds. The soft southern breezes fanned her cheeks, and her eyes, which at first were as bright and clear as those of other children, were often busy watching the humming-birds and the bees as they flitted in and out among the vines which climbed over the walls of the little cottage.

Everything the baby looked upon filled her with interest. She tried to copy whatever she saw others doing. When she was only six months old she began to talk. "How d'ye," she would say, in true southern fashion.

On her first birthday she took her first

steps alone, trying to reach the shadows of the leaves as they danced on the floor in the sunlight. Then, in the month of February after her first happy year ended, came a dreadful sickness. It seemed as though the little Helen could not live through it. But suddenly the illness left her, taking with it all sight from the bright eyes, and hearing from the ears that once had been so quick to catch every sound. How strange this dark and silent world must have seemed to the child! As she grew stronger she still wished to spend most of her time in her mother's lap, as she had done when she lay weak and sick.

She could not see this mother's tender face, it is true. She could not hear the sweet voice any longer. But she felt the love in her heart, which was the greatest of all helps in getting used to her new life.

Of course she soon forgot the words that she had learned to speak, and when she went from place to place she had to grope her way, often forgetting in what direction she should turn.

She soon learned to make signs to show what she wished. For " yes " she nodded her head. For " no " she shook it. If she were hungry she would pretend that she was cutting bread and spreading it with butter. She shivered at the idea of being cold. In a short time she had forgotten all she had ever known with the help of her eyes and ears.

By and by she discovered that other people were different from her. They could make each other understand without signs. They had only to move their lips to do this. The poor child moved her lips, too. But she could not make her friends understand her wishes. She became very angry. She would kick and scream. It was the only way she had of showing how bad she felt.

Even in the queer, dark world in which she now lived, she had many pleasures. She had a pet dog named Belle, which followed her wherever she went, and a little colored girl for a playmate. This child's name was Martha Washington. She was

very fond of Helen and did whatever she wished. The two children spent much time in the kitchen with the cook, who was Martha's mother. They helped grind the coffee and make the ice cream. They kneaded balls of dough and scraped out the dish in which cake had been made. They fed the hens and turkeys, and hunted for the eggs which the guinea fowls laid in the tall grass.

This last was the best sport of all. If, in their search, they found a nest of eggs, it was always Helen who brought them home. For was she not older and bigger? Martha, she felt, might drop the precious load and break the eggs.

Whenever Helen wished to go on an egg-hunt, she made Martha understand by a certain sign. She would double up her hands and place them on the ground. Then Martha knew she was thinking of the eggs to be found in the grass, and away the two children would go on the search.

If Martha knew the meaning of signs, why did not Belle, the dog? Helen tried

again and again to make Belle understand her, but she always failed, and this made her quite angry.

As Helen grew older, she tried harder and harder to show by signs what she was thinking of. But she often could not do this — indeed, there were so few signs! It troubled her very much, and she would burst into tears and creep into her mother's arms for comfort.

Every year she grew more unhappy and her parents were greatly troubled. In the course of time there came a baby sister into the home, and Helen was very jealous of her. Before this her mother always found time to hold and caress her, but now it was quite different. This new baby was in her mother's lap nearly all of the time, and Helen had to be put to one side.

Her parents wondered what could be done. They had heard of another child, named Laura Bridgman, who was blind and deaf like Helen. They learned that a good physician in Boston, Dr. Howe, had found a way by which such children

could learn. He had taught Laura Bridgman and made her a happy, useful woman. But Dr. Howe was now dead, and they feared there was no one living who could do what he had done.

When Helen was six years old, her father heard of a great physician in Baltimore who had helped many blind people to see. Perhaps he could do something for Helen's eyes. Not long afterwards the little girl went with her father to Baltimore. Dr. Chisholm, for that was the physician's name, examined the blind girl's eyes, but said that he could not help them to see.

"She can be educated, however," he said, and advised Mr. and Mrs. Keller to go to Washington and visit Dr. Graham Bell. He could tell them what was being done in the schools for blind and deaf children.

So to Washington they went. Helen never forgot her first meeting with Dr. Bell. He was very kind and gentle, but, best of all, he understood the signs she made. He took her on his lap and gave

her his watch to examine. He seemed like an old friend at once. He told Helen's parents of a school for blind children in Boston. Dr. Anagnos was the director.

"Write to him at once and ask him if he has a teacher who is able to take charge of your little girl," Dr. Bell advised Mr. Keller.

The letter was written and soon came the answer that there was such a teacher. This happened in the summer of Helen's sixth year. In the month of March of the next year, the teacher, Miss Anne Sullivan, left her northern home and traveled south to take charge of her new pupil.

As she drew near the house, Helen stood on the porch waiting for her coming. Something new and wonderful was going to happen; the little blind deaf-mute felt this strongly. But what could it be? Was light to come to her who lived in such darkness?

Yes, but what kind of light and what manner of happiness, she could not guess. And now strange footsteps came up the walk. Helen could not hear them, but she

felt them as they touched the ground and sent waves of motion towards her. She held out her hand, and the young girl, who was to be her dearest friend and helper in the future, reached out and clasped the blind child in her loving arms.

The next morning she gave Helen a doll. The children at the School for the Blind in Boston had sent it to her. Laura Bridgman had dressed it. After Helen had played with the doll for a while, Miss Sullivan took her hand and spelled into it the word d-o-l-l. It may be that you already know the deaf and dumb alphabet and would have known the word. But Helen did not understand Miss Sullivan. She thought the young girl was trying to teach her a new kind of play, and she tried to imitate it. She did not dream that those motions of the fingers had made a word which stood for the doll she had been holding in her arms.

After this Miss Sullivan taught Helen to make words which stood for different objects. But the child still thought she was learning some new game. Several

days afterwards Helen went with her teacher to the well-house. When they reached it, some one was there drawing water. Miss Sullivan took one of Helen's hands and placed it under the spout. On the other she spelled the word w-a-t-e-r, over and over again.

All at once the child understood. She had learned the sign for water! She knew now what her teacher had been trying to do before. It was not a game she had been playing with her. She had been using a language of signs, and through this the child, who had been shut away from others in darkness, was to get light — the light of knowledge.

How excited and delighted Helen was now! She wished to learn this sign language as quickly as possible. She begged in her dumb way for more and more words. Her mind was on fire to take in all her teacher could give her. When she lay down to sleep that night, she had already mastered a large number of words, and she was very happy.

Afterwards she wrote that those words "Were to make the world blossom like Aaron's rod, with flowers." Every day after this Helen was taught some fresh lesson about the wonderful world around her. The birds, and how they lived; the creatures of the forest; the work of the sun and the rain on the earth, — these lessons and more the child learned very quickly and with the greatest delight.

But there soon came a time when Helen must find out the meaning of words which had nothing to do with what she could understand with the help of the three senses she possessed.

What was it to love, she wondered, when her teacher spoke into her hand, "I love you." Was it the sweetness of the flowers or the warmth of the sun? she asked. Surely, if love was a very beautiful thing, it could not be more so than these. But Miss Sullivan said, no, love was not these at all. But how could she make the child get the meaning of the word?

One day soon afterwards Helen was

stringing beads, trying to arrange them in groups according to their size. She kept making mistakes, but Miss Sullivan was very patient with her. At last the child herself noticed the mistakes. She stopped and tried to think what she should do. Miss Sullivan watched her. Suddenly she touched Helen's forehead and at the same time spelled out the word " think " on her hand.

Helen knew at once that the word told of what her mind was doing. She had gotten hold of an abstract idea, as we say, for the first time. After this she sat still. She had discovered what it was to think. Perhaps now she could learn what it was to love.

It had been cloudy all day, but at this moment the sun burst out in all its glory. She felt its warmth, and again she asked, " Is this not love? "

" No," said her teacher, but she went on to explain how glad the flowers must be to have refreshing rain, although they could not touch the clouds that gave it. In the

same way, though Helen could not touch love, yet she could feel the sweetness and happiness that it brought.

At last Helen understood. And now her own heart could reach out to the hearts of others and touch them, although it could not be in the same way that her hands touched the grass and flowers.

Can you guess what was the next step which Helen was to take? She could now talk with her friends by means of the wonderful sign language, and she could get their thoughts in the same way. She had yet to learn to read. Miss Sullivan now began to give the child slips of cardboard on which words were stamped in raised letters. She also gave her a frame in which these words might be arranged in sentences.

Helen would find the words which stood for different objects in the room, and then she would invent short sentences about them and set these up in the frame. She thought it was a delightful game, and she would play it for hours without getting tired.

After this it was an easy matter to learn to read books. But they were not like those from which we read. They had been made especially for blind people. The letters, which do not look at all like the ones we know, are made of straight lines, and they are raised above the page as much as the thickness of a thumb nail.

Books for the blind are heavy and thick, because the pages cannot fit closely together. You would be interested to watch a blind person reading, as the fingers move across the page, touching one word after another very rapidly. You could truly say of such a person that he is getting his lessons on his fingers' ends.

Most of Helen's studying was done out of doors in the soft, delicious, southern air. She wrote afterwards that the lessons she learned there were filled with the breath of the woods, where she sat most of the time. She drew in the odor of pine-needles and of wild grapes. She could not hear the frogs croaking or the noisy singing of

the katydids, but she sometimes held these creatures in her hands, and when they had become at home there and began once more to talk in their own queer ways, she would touch them ever so lightly and take joy in *feeling* what they were doing.

There was so much to enjoy through touching. It was a delight to the child to move her fingers over the petals of a rose or a lily. Indeed, she has since told us that she believes that the wonderful sense of touch can give us more pleasure than what we gain through our sight. It seems strange to us, however, who use our eyes so constantly and think little of what our hands can do for us.

When Helen was eight years old she went to Boston and visited the children at the Perkins Institution for the Blind. It was the first time the child had met any one who, like herself, could not see. Her new friends read books with their fingers just as she did. They talked with her in the sign language, which she knew. They played games with her and were full of love and

brightness. They very soon became like old friends.

In the Blind Institute there was a library in which all the books were printed in raised type. It was a most delightful place for Helen, since she had known only a few such books before. She was very happy when she was allowed to go into this library and read as much as she liked.

There were older people in Boston, as well as the little children, whom Helen met and learned to love at this time, and who became her firm friends. During this visit to the North, Helen went to the seashore and for the first time went bathing in the ocean. The whole visit was filled with pleasure. Helen could now talk easily with others through the sign language of the fingers.

But she had not learned to speak, since she was deaf to all the sounds around her. She was now doing so well in other things that her kind, faithful teacher felt that her pupil could learn even this difficult thing.

How was it to be done? She could get

help by touching the throats and lips of others when they were talking. This was was not enough, however. She must learn to make her voice rise and fall to help in expressing whatever she felt. It was slow work, and again and again it seemed as though she could not succeed. But both she and her teacher were very patient. They would not give up, and at last the time came when Helen could speak long sentences which others could easily understand.

She was not satisfied yet. She was filled with a longing to go to college, like other girls who could see and hear. At first her friends thought that this would be impossible. Most of the books which she must study had never been printed in raised type, for no other person like herself had ever dreamed of doing what she now wished to accomplish. It would cost a great deal of money to have such books made. Besides this, there would be many lectures to be heard, and Helen's ears could not help her.

We are told that where there is a will, there is a way. This was so in Helen's case, at any rate. For people who had plenty of money and who heard of her wish, had the books which she would need printed for her. As for the lectures, some one who heard could sit beside her and talk the sentences into her hand. So it came to pass that Helen prepared for college, and when she was nineteen years old, began her life at Radcliffe, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The work, of course, was far harder for her than for the other young women in her class; but brave and patient as ever, she kept on until she had finished her course and become a college graduate. In the meantime she had learned to use a typewriter so that she could write out her lessons with its help.

Helen's college days are now over, yet she is still a very busy woman. She reads and studies a great deal, and she writes out the beautiful thoughts that enter her mind, so that others who may never know her can be helped by them.

And always this wonderful young woman, who lives in a world of her own, where beautiful colors and sweet sounds cannot enter, is not only cheerful and patient and brave, but ready to see the amusing side of whatever is taking place.

Helen's home is still with Miss Sullivan, who is now happily married. This lady has herself done a wonderful work, the like of which has never been done by any one else. By her own patience, her constant care and tender love, by always taking the right moment to teach Helen something new, she made the hardest lessons delightful. She has made a life helpful and beautiful that would otherwise have been one of pain and suffering, not only to the girl herself, but to those around her.

Mark Twain once declared that the two most interesting people of the last one hundred years are Helen Keller and the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte. When others shut out from sight and hearing would have said: "I can go no farther," she would never let herself think of failure, but has

Helen Keller in conversation with a little friend. *Page* 52.

boldly and bravely pushed on. What more she will yet do we can only guess, for she is still young and strong and full of hope.

Napoleon was a wonder-worker on the battle-field, as we know. He marched from one country to another, conquering wherever he went.

But Helen Keller — what has she done to be ranked beside the great general? She has worked wonders with herself in training her own mind and in making herself the master of one field of learning after another.

III

THE MAGICIAN OF SYMPATHY

This is the story of a man who has helped and given joy to many boys and girls.

It was in 1866, just after the great Civil War had ended in this country, that a baby boy was born on a quiet farm in western New York. The child's mother gave him the name of William.

The baby's bright blue eyes looked out on rolling hills and green meadows. Waving tree-tops nodded to him in welcome, and wild flowers of many colors invited his tiny fingers to pick them for his delight. The birds sang their sweetest songs to wake him in the morning, and he was lulled to sleep in the warm summer evenings by a chorus of crickets chirping in the meadows near by.

There were so many pleasures in that

country home, it is little wonder that as the baby grew into a lively boy, he liked the free outdoor life better than the close air of the schoolroom. There was so much to do and see. There were butterflies to chase as they skimmed over the meadows. There were birds' nests to be discovered among the branches of the trees. There were stores of honey which the bees had hidden from all but the most watchful eyes. There were berries and apples to be picked, and new pets to be trained.

The boy had few playmates, but he did not miss them greatly, although he grieved that he was an only child. If only there were a brother or sister in his home! Still, he had what many other children did not have — a great-grandmother, who was always ready to tell him stories of the time when much of this country was a wilderness, and Indians roamed over the very hills where he now played in safety. Then, too, she repeated tale after tale of the war that was ending when she was born, more than ninety years before, —

the war of the Revolution. The child who listened to these tales heard of brave soldiers and of the daring deeds they did to save this country.

There was another person besides the great-grandmother who kept the boy from being lonely; this was his mother who was his best and closest chum. To her he could tell all his troubles; with her he could share all his pleasures. When he was still a tiny little fellow, she taught him to read. There was no town library, but in the home there were a few of the best books in the world. First of all, there was the family Bible, from which the boy learned chapter after chapter "by heart." Then there were the plays of Shakespeare, which he read before he was eight years old. There was *Pilgrim's Progress*, of which he was very fond. There was also a bound copy of *Harper's Weekly*. In this book William read story after story of the Civil War. These, as well as the stories which the great-grandmother told him, gave the boy a great love for his country.

"When I grow up I will go to West Point and learn to be a soldier," he thought. "I will yet be the commander of the United States army."

There was one thing which the young William George liked to read better than anything else. It was the "Dear old *Youth's Companion*," as he calls it to this day. There he found the stories of *Indian Pete* and the *Lost Trail*, in which the people seemed so real that he felt as if he knew them. He could never forget them, — of that he was quite sure.

It is no wonder that after reading and hearing so many stories of war the boy spent a good deal of his time playing soldier. He whittled make-believe guns, bowie knives and revolvers out of wood. With these he would arm himself and go forth to imaginary battles. No doubt he thought he looked very fierce and terrible as he tore through the woods and fields, looking for possible enemies. An Indian in war paint and feathers might be hidden away behind that tree trunk or in yonder

clump of bushes, and he must take the enemy by surprise.

When this young soldier was not busy fighting imaginary battles, he was busy dreaming dreams, and making plans for his boy friends when they should grow up. He pictured one as rear admiral in command of terrible ships of war. Another was to be President of the United States, and still another was to be a general. He himself, you remember, was to be the commander of the army. As it happened, none of these dreams came true, but they gave the boy much pleasure at the time.

There was a little country school in the village, and here William was allowed to study what he enjoyed best. He disliked arithmetic and so spent but little time on it, but he was never tired of geography and history. The world was not big enough to suit him, for he soon came to know all the places on the map and wished for more. So he set to work and made new maps for himself, putting in imaginary countries, mountains, rivers and lakes.

Before he got through with this geography of his own, he planned wars between the countries, and even drew pictures of the generals who were to take part in them. It was exciting work to the boy and as interesting as any outdoor sport.

This free and happy life came to an end when William was fourteen years old. Then he left behind him the beautiful green fields of the country. The singing of the birds, the mooing of the cows, and the peep of the little chickens greeted his ears no longer, for his home was changed to the great and busy city of New York. There were many new sights and sounds to interest him, but for a long time he could not get used to them. He felt choked and cramped, and longed to be back among the hills and fields. At last, however, this feeling wore away, and the city became so interesting that he hardly thought of the old, free days.

When he was still quite young he went into business, but even then he had the old love of fighting which he showed in his

attacks on imaginary Indians when a small boy. A soldier's life must be full of delight, he still thought. To camp out of doors and eat dinner before a fire of blazing logs, to sleep on the ground wrapped in a big blanket, to march to the music of drum and fife, to make sudden sallies and to take the enemy by surprise, — what joy and excitement these must bring.

But there was no war going on at this time, so the young man contented himself with joining a regiment of the New York National Guard. The uniform which he wore and the drill with his company made him feel as though he were really a soldier, and gave him almost as much pleasure as if he were taking part in a war.

Something else began to interest William George at this time. He took long walks about the city; but, instead of going through the most beautiful parts, where there were grand houses and lovely parks, he chose what are called the "slums." There was nothing beautiful to see there, as these slums are the home of the poor people,

who are crowded together in small tenements. Sometimes Mr. George knew of a whole family living together in one room, and there were many such families in a single, old, dingy house. The streets of the slums were narrow and dirty. There were neither trees nor grass plots there, no chance to see the sunset, no singing of birds, no pretty gardens.

Why was it that Mr. George liked to walk through the slums? It was because there were many boys and girls playing together in the dirty, narrow streets, and he liked to watch them and talk with them. He felt sorry for them because they knew nothing about the beautiful country where he had lived when a child. Some of them had never visited a park or seen a real flower garden. They had not had the pleasure of picking apples or gathering nuts. They had never watched birds building nests in the springtime; they had never trapped muskrats or chased woodchucks out of their holes.

These children of the slums had their

own sports, however. They made bonfires in vacant lots and danced around the flames like wild imps. They played at marbles on the sidewalks. They had great fun pretending that the "cops," as they called the policemen, were after them, and they must hide to keep from being caught.

They used many strange words when they talked, words which showed the rough way in which they were growing up. Many a time, when the boys got angry with each other, a fight took place, which ended in black eyes and swollen lips. Mr. George got more and more interested in these slum children. He soon made them understand that he was their friend. He spent more and more time with them. He often left his business and stayed for hours in narrow alleys and dark streets, watching dirty-faced but bright-eyed boys at their play, or talking with them about their school and the sports they liked best. He got some of these boys to form themselves into clubs. He told them about the good times they could have at the mission houses,

and got them to visit these places. He formed baseball clubs. Best of all, perhaps, he got some of the roughest and wildest boys to form bands for keeping good order and obeying the laws.

All these things helped to keep them busy. "When they are busy," thought Mr. George, "they will not get into trouble."

He had liked the ways of a soldier so much himself that he made the boys like them, too. Before this, many of them had thought it was fun to break the laws. Now they saw how much more pleasure it was to keep them. Before they knew this kind friend, they thought a boy who was ready to obey was a "sissy." Now they found out that the first thing a soldier has to learn is to obey, and obey promptly; what was right for a soldier must be right for others, too.

Many other things Mr. George told the children of the slums, and they were so fond of him by this time, that they gladly listened. They took him to their homes and he got acquainted with their

sisters. He found the girls as bright and interesting as their brothers.

The long, hot summer came around, and Mr. George began to think of the way in which he should spend his vacation. He decided to go to his old home in the country, as he always did, but he had not thought yet what he should do while he was there.

One day he was sitting in his office considering this question when he happened to look down at a newspaper which lay upon his desk. There, on the page in front of him, was the story of a little city boy, — a child of the slums. It told how this boy was leaning against the iron chain which shut off the velvety grass in a small park in the city. How cool and pleasant the grass looked! It must be so much nicer than the gravel walk before it, yet people were not allowed to step there. The country was not like this, thought the boy. He had been there once in his life, — it was long ago, when he was much smaller than now, but it was beautiful, and it was free.

He stood looking at the little plot of green, and taking long sniffs of the fresh air, when all at once his eyes spied something he had not noticed at first. It was a tiny spot of golden yellow, over there in the midst of the grass. It must be a flower such as he had seen growing wild, during that short but wonderful visit of his to the country. He stood there watching it and longing for it with all his might. He turned to look at the people sitting on the benches near by. Would they see him if he made a dash over the forbidden grass and picked that beautiful flower? Would they raise a cry to call a policeman?

Again the boy's eyes turned to the spot of gold which he longed to have for his very own. A whole hour went by. Then at last the child became brave with longing. He sprang over the iron chain. Straight toward the yellow spot he made his way, with bright eyes and fingers stretched out to seize his prize.

Ah! he bent down beside it. But then he drew his hand slowly away, with eyes

no longer shining. It was not what he thought, a beautiful yellow flower spreading out its petals in the sunlight. It was only a bit of orange peel.

It seemed as though this story had been sent to Mr. George, for it set him to thinking. He knew boys just like the one told of in the paper — city boys, who longed for the green grass and the flowers and the birds of the country. He would look up those very boys; they should share his vacation with him.

No time must be lost, for there was much to be done before the party could be made ready. In the first place, there were the car-fares. Money must be raised to take all these boys to the country and bring them back again. And now he remembered that there was a newspaper, the *New York Tribune*, which would help him in this matter. It raised funds for sending poor children on summer vacations. Mr. George went at once to the gentleman who had charge of these funds. He asked for railroad tickets for his boys.

"I will furnish the tickets if you can get farmers who will be willing to take care of the children when you get them into the country," was the reply.

"That will be easy enough," said Mr. George, and he asked for fifty tickets.

Then he went away and made his plans. There should be forty boys and ten girls in the party. They should be divided up among Mr. George's relations and friends in his country home. He felt sure that they would gladly furnish beds and food for the children. He himself would look after the boys and keep them amused. Every morning after an early breakfast he would gather them all together. They could play baseball, go swimming, and hunt woodchucks. There were many other things which would be new to these city children and would give them such delight that it would leave them no time to think of mischief.

The girls would be left to the farmers' wives, for they could be amused very easily.

The next thing was to invite the children whom he had selected. Mr. George sent a card to each one, inviting them to be ready for the start in two weeks from that day.

Strange as it may seem, this kind-hearted man had not written one word about his plans to his friends in the country. He believed that they would be only too glad to give a vacation-home to the children of the slums.

At last, however, he did write and when he received an answer he was greatly disappointed. His friends were really frightened at the idea of what he proposed. They believed that the place would be turned upside down. Forty rough, wild boys all coming at once! It was terrible to think of. Only last summer they had had some of the poor children from the city. The girls had behaved very well, but the boys gave all sorts of trouble. They let the pigs out of their pens; they went to the hen-houses and took the eggs. Nothing was safe from their mischievous hands. Oh,

no! the people could not admit such boys into their homes again, though they were willing to have the girls.

Mr. George felt very bad at this news. He had not dreamed that his friends would not be glad to help him; besides, he could not think how to carry out his plan without their help.

But now a letter came from a cousin who had not written with the others. This man offered the use of an old house for the children. No one was living in it, and he had been thinking of tearing it down. It was so old that he was not afraid of the boys hurting it in any way.

This would be even better than his first plan, Mr. George thought. The boys could be with him all the time, and when evening came and play was over for the day, he could gather them around him and tell them stories.

Of course, there must be plenty of food for these children, because country air makes every one hungry. Mr. George's friends had already offered to furnish this.

They had only refused to take the boys into their homes. The food could be brought to the building where the boys were to camp out and it would be like a long two weeks' picnic. Mr. George was satisfied.

The next days passed quickly, and when the time came for leaving, fifty happy children hustled aboard the train and bade good-by to the hot, dusty city, for two whole weeks.

What weeks they were, too! There were three big meals a day of all the good things the country can furnish, tramps through the woods, swims in the clear, cool streams, ball games in the fields, the picking of big bouquets of wild flowers; and then in the evening all gathered together to sing and do "stunts." The village people liked to visit the happy young folks at this time, to listen to the songs and look on at the wonderful feats the boys performed. It was as good as a circus. And the boys liked to see a crowd of onlookers, too. They vied with each other all the harder.

Of course, the children were not perfect and they did many things during these two weeks to bother the good farmers and their wives. But the grown-ups were kind and forgiving, and when the vacation was over, they loaded the visitors with fruits and vegetables and second-hand clothes to carry back to the city with them. Best of all, there were new pets to take home — dogs, cats and soft-eyed bunnies. The boys and girls were both proud and happy. Their kind friend, Mr. George, was happy, too. He had enjoyed the vacation as much as the children, and he felt sure that another year would be still better, because many people had heard of his work and had offered to help him.

When the next summer came Mr. George was busy planning for the vacation. One hundred and twenty-five boys and girls should go to Freeville for two weeks, and after that there should be one hundred and twenty-five more for another two weeks. He could keep them in order, he felt sure. The drill he had had in the New York

regiment had taught him the best ways to manage them. Then, too, he loved them and they trusted him. Yes, he could certainly take charge of so many.

The old house which had been used as a camp the last summer would not be large enough to hold all of the children. Some kind city friends, however, gave Mr. George money enough to buy a tent. This, with two small cottages which were empty, would furnish enough room for sleeping. Of course, the children would spend all of the daytime out of doors.

Pretty tough boys those were that went to Freeville that summer, — boys who had grown up in the city streets, doing much as they pleased; who fought with each other and used bad language, who were sly and often cruel. But Mr. George had chosen them for that very reason. They needed to learn better and he wished to take this chance to teach them. He was kind, but he was firm, too, and he understood and managed them so well, that people for miles around began to wonder.

They said, "Such a man as this must be helped, for he is doing a great work. We must do what we can."

So it was that when another summer came, Mr. George took a still larger number of boys and girls to Freeville. There were more tents now, and the place where the children lived was a big and lively camp. It was a village in itself. Hundreds of visitors came to see it, and went away to tell others of this wonderful vacation-home for poor children.

And now, while every one was praising Mr. George and his work, he himself was beginning to be troubled. Something was wrong. What was it? The children were happy, and had day after day of pleasure. They had all sorts of good things to eat while they were there, and when they went away, they were loaded with presents of fruit, vegetables and clothing, which were sent by kind people all over the State.

What could be the trouble? All at once Mr. George said to himself: "I know what

it is. The boys and girls have begun to think that they have a right to receive all of these things. They get a great deal without doing anything to earn it. That is the way to make paupers."

Indeed, a single day did not pass without some child going to Mr. George and asking about these presents. Would he get some to take back with him to the city? But the vacation ended and Mr. George had not decided what to do.

Another summer came, and another party was taken to Freeville. Everything went on as usual, except that the children grew more and more eager as to what presents they might receive. One day a crowd of children gathered around Mr. George to ask if they were "goin' to get things" when they went home.

He turned suddenly upon them and asked what right they had to expect so much. Was not the vacation with all the good food and fun enough? Why did they ask for more? A small girl with angry black eyes was the first to speak.

"Mr. George, what do yer t'ink we'se here fer, enyway?" she exclaimed.

That was enough for this good man. Either the vacation parties should come to an end, or he must make some new plan. He was quite sure now that he was not doing the best thing possible for these children.

All through the next winter he was busy thinking, and at last his plan was made. The children must be made to do some work this year, and not allowed to play all of the time. Instead of buying croquet sets, the money should be spent for picks and shovels.

"What a foolish idea," thought the friend who had given the money for the croquet sets. Children couldn't be amused with tools, while they were sure to be fond of croquet. Still, if Mr. George thought it best to make them work, he was welcome to try it.

When the vacation party of two hundred children reached Freeville, one dozen picks and one dozen shovels were ready and wait-

ing for them. The first morning when the children were gathered around the dining table Mr. George made a little speech. He told them that if they wished to have as much fun as possible, they should do some work. There was a chance to have it. They could help to make a fine road in front of one of the cottages. New picks and shovels were ready and waiting to be used. How many would like to start in on the work?

Much to Mr. George's delight, not only all the boys but even many of the girls declared they were ready. The picks and shovels were brought out, — but there were only twenty-four to be divided among this big, eager crowd. The boys were already fighting for them.

This would never do, so Mr. George ordered the children to form into twelve lines. The boy at the head of each line was given a pick and shovel, and told that he could use them for five minutes. Then he must hand over the tools to the boy next to him, and take his place at the end of the

line. In this way every one would have a chance.

The plan worked very well, but the next day fewer children were anxious to work. On the third day there were still fewer, while alas! on the fourth day not one boy offered to touch the tools. The newness had worn off!

Mr. George began to think very hard. How happy the boys had seemed while they were busy! They were not asking then if they should have "things to take home with them." Surely work was the best thing for them. But how could he make them wish to do it? He did not know.

Then came the fifth day and with it a big box of second-hand clothing. It stood on the cottage porch, and all the children were gathered around it in great excitement. Somehow or other they had guessed what was in that box, and every one was eager to have a share of what it held. Some of the boys even hurt the clothes they were wearing so that they could get new ones.

Mr. George watched them for a while. He was half angry, half amused. Then he opened the box. Suit after suit lay there before him. They were nearly as good as new.

But the children did not deserve them. Should he send them back to the giver? No, he would let these young people have a chance to earn them. He lifted up a fine suit and called out the name of a boy whom he thought it would fit.

A little blue-eyed Irish lad sprang forward and held out his hand, saying: "Tanks, Mr. George, tanks."

But Mr. George did not give the suit to him. He only asked the boy what he thought it was worth.

"Dat suit is worth five dollars," was the answer.

Upon this a crowd of boys shouted that it was worth six, — yes, seven, eight dollars.

"Well, suppose it is worth only five dollars," Mr. George suggested. Then he went on: "Say, young fellow, how much could you earn in a day?"

After thinking it over, Mickey, the little Irish lad, felt sure that he could earn a dollar if he worked fast.

Then came another question: "If a fellow has to work hard to earn one dollar in a day, how many hard days' work will it take to earn five dollars?"

"Five days; can't youse figger?" one boy called out, before Mickey had a chance to answer.

Thereupon Mr. George proposed that Mickey should take a pick and shovel, and beginning the next morning, should work hard for five days on the road which the boys had already begun. Then the suit of clothes should be his.

The crowd of children began to howl, for they were surprised and angry. Make them work for second-hand clothes, which had been given away every year before! They could hardly believe that Mr. George meant what he said.

But when he put the clothes back into the box, and nailed down the cover; and when he went on to say that not one bit

of that clothing should be given away except to those who earned it, they began to understand.

Many hard things were said about this kind friend, but he had made up his mind what he was going to do, and he was not going to change. He would wait. A little later a bright-eyed, red-headed boy stepped up to Mr. George.

"I'll work for them close," he said.

Mr. George was much pleased and told him that he could start bright and early the next morning. But the boy was not satisfied; he wished to begin that very minute. For five days he worked faithfully and alone. Then came the reward. The suit of clothes was handed over to him and he marched off to the tent with a soft whistle of pride and delight.

The other boys were waiting for him. They began to make fun of him, and called him a big fool for working so hard. Little did he care. He answered that he thought more of the clothes because he had "hustled" for them, and as he looked around

among his friends, he reminded them that he was the only boy there who had a whole suit.

Then they began to think differently. They asked him if the work was hard. That fine suit, spread out on the arm of the boy who had earned it, made every one else long to have one, too. Before many minutes passed they decided to earn clothes for themselves. If the only way to do this was to work, why, they would work.

Thus it came about that the sun looked down upon a very busy place the next morning. All the picks and shovels were in use, for there were many boys who had decided to start out and earn some clothes for themselves. There was no time for hard or coarse words, and every one was happy because he had something to do.

Then came pay-day, when each one received the clothing he had earned.

Never in all their lives had those children felt so proud. Never before had they taken so much delight in anything as they did

now in the suits which were theirs because they had worked for them.

A great step had been taken, yet Mr. George's troubles were not over by any means. These boys from the city slums had not yet learned to care for the rights of other people. They went out into the farmers' orchards and stole the apples, making the good men very angry. They were told how wrong this was, but that did not stop them, so they had to be punished.

Mr. George got a stout stick and flogged those who had done wrong, but even then the stealing did not come to an end. Every morning there were more boys who had to be whipped, and many others stood around to see the "fun."

"This will never do," thought Mr. George. "I must have some new way of settling the trouble. Ah! I have it. I will be judge no longer. The children shall themselves be the judges."

He called out the names of two boys who had not been punished as yet, and told them to come forward. They must tell

their own story, and their friends should decide how much wrong they had done, and how great the punishment should be. The two boys were pleased, for they expected to "get off easy." They were greatly mistaken; the other children were glad to be chosen for judges and they meant to be fair.

Each culprit spoke for himself. The first one declared that he had not stolen any apples, but the others knew that he was not speaking the truth, and decided at once that he must be soundly whipped. The second boy confessed that he had done wrong, but he felt so bad and cried so bitterly, that the judges were sorry for him. He must be punished, they decided.

"But please go light on him, Mr. George," they said, and Mr. George was quite willing to do as they asked.

For several days after this the boys behaved much better, and few of them troubled the farmers by stealing their apples. Then they began doing wrong again. One morning there were a good many to be punished.

"They shall not be flogged, however," Mr. George decided. "Work will be much better."

So he told one boy that he must pick up stones in the meadow for two hours, another must pick them up for four hours, and so on. He acted wisely. The work made the boys think longer about the wrong they had done, than a flogging would have. They would not repeat it so easily. After this only a small number of apples were stolen and the farmers had peace.

In a few days more the vacation came to an end and the boys and girls left Freeville for their homes in the city. Never had they gone away so happy as now. They had not only good clothes for themselves, but also for their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters whom they had left behind in the city; and all these things they had earned. Best of all, they had asked Mr. George if they might come again next year and have a chance to work.

After they had gone and he was taking his own vacation, he kept thinking about

these young people who were soon going to be men and women. They had worked for their clothes and were happy because of so doing. Why should they not work for their food, too? And if so, there must be money of some kind with which to pay them. Ah, now he had it! He would make " token money " himself. He would cut cardboard of different colors into little squares. Red squares would stand for dollars, yellow ones for fifty-cent pieces, green ones for quarters, and so on.

Each boy and girl could now buy the food which had been earned. The hardest workers could, of course, have the most dainties. Well did this good friend remember a pie which had been sent to the camp one day. It was big and fat and juicy, but what was one pie among so many? He would do the best he could, however. He would play that it was a clock and mark it off into minutes. So! There were soon sixty tiny pieces. Each one was scarcely more than a taste.

Sixty of the best boys and girls were

called up and the bits of pie were given out. These sixty were pleased, of course. But the others scowled, and muttered: "Dem fellers and girls w'at's gettin' pie is Mr. George's favorites."

Now, if he should carry out his new plan, there would be no chance for any one to talk in this way. Every boy and girl would get just what he or she deserved. Still other things came into Mr. George's plan. If there was money, there must be a bank; there must be policemen; there must also be a court where those who did wrong should be tried. And the boys themselves should run the bank, make the laws, and see to it that these laws were carried out. Why, the summer vacation party would become a little republic in itself, and the young people who ran it would act like the men and women of the big republic, America. At this thought Mr. George was so excited that he shouted, "I have it — I have it — I have it," and ran to tell his mother all about it.

The tenth of July, 1895, saw the begin-

ning of the Junior Republic. That day the train from New York left a large company of boys and girls at the station in Freeville, and every one of them was eager to take part in the new plan. About twenty boys led the procession, whistling with all their might. When they arrived at the farm, there was nothing very beautiful to look at save the country itself. There were some old barns, a small house and one new building, not much better than a shed. But these looked very inviting to the boys and girls from the tenements of the city slums.

The next day the young people set to work. First of all, the old barn was divided up. One part was made into a courthouse and another was made into a bank. There was also a jail, where those who broke the laws of the Republic were to be shut up.

The upper part of the new building was given over to the girls to sleep in, but the lower floor was to be used for business. In one room the young carpenters were to

work; in another the girls were to learn dress-making; in still another, they were to cook. Yes, — everything was planned so that all who wished, could be busy earning money. There was plenty of outdoor work, too, for those who liked that best, so a large number of the boys started to learn how to carry on a farm, and to make beautiful gardens. Those boys who were allowed to drive the big team of horses used for ploughing were very proud, for they knew it was because they were the most careful workers.

After supper came the fun. There were shows of different kinds in which the young people played their parts like real actors on the stage. There was a good deal of singing, too, and the evenings passed very quickly.

Court was held in the afternoon, when the boy judge gave out the punishments to the wrong-doers. The prisoners had to dress in suits of striped bed-ticking, and were obliged to break up stones for paving the road. There was certainly no fun for

those who did not obey the laws of the Junior Republic.

Everything went well that summer, and many people came to visit the boys and girls, who were happy because they were busy learning to be helpful men and women. The autumn came all too soon.

"It would be a shame to close everything up for the whole winter," thought Mr. George. "I will ask the boys if any of them are willing to stay and help me keep house."

At first twenty-five boys promised to remain, but when the train pulled into the station to take the rest of the company to the city, there were only five who were willing to stand by their word. The others were afraid of the cold, lonely months in the country.

It did seem lonely, too, after the lively, busy summer. And there was little to eat for several weeks, except potatoes and tomatoes which had been raised on the farm during the summer. The winter was colder than usual. There were big holes

in the roof, through which the sharp wind and snow crept in. The school was three and a half miles away, and frost-bitten ears and noses had to be thawed out at the end of the walk. But the boys were brave and stood by their kind friend, and before the winter was over three others came to join them. On Christmas there was a grand surprise, — the present of a fine cow, which gave the most delicious milk. It was such a treat to the little family, they did not think of the roast turkey and cranberry sauce that richer children were having that day.

All through the long winter not one of the boys wished to leave "Daddy," as they lovingly called Mr. George, and go back to the city. And when summer came round again, everything was in shape for a fresh start. There were more boys and girls than ever before, and they were all ready to make the George Junior Republic a grand success.

That was only a few years ago. Now, if you have a chance to visit the busy, happy

place, you will find a real village, and a very lively one, too. When the brakeman calls out Freeville, and the train stops, you will step out on the platform, and find a stage waiting for you and other guests of the Republic.

After you are all settled, the boy driver will shout, "Gee-dap," to his horses and away you will ride for half a mile or so. Then the driver yells "Whoa," and you draw up before the hotel of the Republic, where you register and are shown to your room. But you will not wish to stop there long, for you will be anxious to walk around this wonderful place, and see what boys and girls can do for themselves.

The more you see, the more surprised you become. There is a store where groceries and dry goods are sold, a post-office, a bank, and a bakery where the very smell of home-made pies and cakes makes you hungry.

After you have visited these places, which you must remember are carried on by the young people, you visit the laundry,

as well as the printing office, where boys learn the trade of printing and publish the paper of the Republic. There is a carpenters' shop, where saws and planes are kept busy from morning till night. There are cheery-looking cottages, where kind and loving house-mothers look after the boys and girls when work is over for the day. Indeed, there are so many places of interest, it will take a long time for you to see them all. Wherever you go, you notice one thing in particular, and that is the politeness of the young people, who take pleasure in showing you around, and who would be ashamed to take a "tip" if you should offer it to them.

Among other things, you must be sure to take a walk around the farm, where you will find a herd of fine cattle, besides numbers of horses, pigs, and chickens. If you visit the Republic in the summer time, the young farmers will proudly point out the broad fields of waving grain which they have planted and cared for.

You must not think that the boys and

girls of the Junior Republic work all of the time. Far from it! The boys' base-ball and foot-ball teams show the result of long and careful training, and many an exciting game is played on the field set aside for their sports.

As for the girls! well, if you should be so fortunate as to be invited to one of their parties you would be sure to have a good time. Games and dancing, music and dainty refreshments will make the hours pass all too quickly.

Many of the evenings are taken up with concerts and plays, in which the boys and girls do much credit to themselves and their kind helpers, but first of all to the good friend, William Reuben George, who has made all these things possible.

It would be hard to find a happier company of young people than those who make up the Junior Republic at Freeville, New York. People in other parts of America have been filled with wonder at what Mr. George has done.

"There are boys and girls in our own

cities who need just such help," they have said. And so to-day they are busy starting Junior Republics of their own, and trying to make them as much as possible like the first and greatest one founded by William George.

IV

THE MAGICIAN OF SOUND

You and your friends have doubtless spent many pleasant evenings in the company of the phonograph. As you listened to the music or the stories which were repeated for you by this wonderful machine, did you sometimes think of the man who invented it, Thomas Alva Edison?

Once upon a time (1847) a baby boy was born in the small town of Milan, Ohio. The boy's father, who belonged to an old Dutch family, was quite poor and earned his living by doing odd jobs for his neighbors. His mother had been a school teacher in Canada before she was married. Her parents had come there from Scotland.

When the child Thomas was seven years old, he moved with his family to Port Huron, Michigan, and at twelve years of

age he became a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railroad. It is said that up to this time he had spent only two straight months in a schoolroom.

He had learned to read, however, and, like his mother, loved books very dearly, so that even in his busy life as a newsboy on the trains, he found time to read not only the daily papers but many books besides.

Some of these were not easy books to read. The boy had such a longing to learn about the world and the great men in it, that at one time he decided to read every book in the free library of a neighboring city. He started out very bravely, taking each volume in turn as he found it upon the shelves. He had finished fifteen feet of closely packed books before he said to himself: "It is of no use to keep on in this way; I can never do it all, and may as well give up such a task." But he had already read books of such deep learning that their mere names would scare many people.

In 1860, when the newsboy was thirteen years old, the Civil War broke out. Every one was interested in the news coming from the battlefield. Thomas worked early and late carrying his papers on board the trains, yet he did not make much money, for he received very little more for the papers than he had to pay for them himself. If, at the end of the day, he had any left on his hands, he was the one who had to lose, and not the publishers of the papers. He was obliged to make a good guess as to how many he could sell.

By this time he had become friends with a man in the composing room of the *Detroit Free Press*. He got this new friend to show him the proof of the paper before it was set up. By reading this he could learn the news of the day, and could guess pretty well how many papers he could sell. If the news was exciting, he would start out with a large bundle; but if not, he knew that it was of no use to carry a great many. He generally sold about two hundred papers in a day, but if something

important had happened, he would sell at least three hundred.

Then came the great battle of Shiloh. The news had not yet appeared in type when the boy's friend showed him the proof all set up for the morning paper. There were big headlines, saying that eighty thousand men had been killed or wounded in the terrible battle that had just been fought.

Young Edison saw his chance in a flash. Wherever the train stopped that day, people would want a paper with the news of the battle, — that is, if they knew that a great battle had taken place. How could he arrange to have them find it out before the train arrived at the different stations? Ah! he thought of a way. He hurried to the telegraph office and made an offer to the man in charge there.

He said: "Will you send a wire to each station along the line telling that a great battle has been fought and that a great many lives have been lost? Ask the station master to chalk the news on the bulletin

boards, or wherever the people look for the time of the coming and going of the trains. If you will do this for me, I will furnish you the daily newspaper and several magazines for the next six months."

The operator agreed, and Thomas was delighted. But he had something else to think of. He did not have enough money to buy all of the papers that he wished to have. He needed a thousand at least, for he felt sure that he could sell that number.

He went to the newspaper office and boldly asked for the thousand papers. But as he did not have the money needed to pay for them, the man gruffly said no. Thomas was not surprised, but he would not give up so easily. He hurried away and went up-stairs to seek the editor himself, Mr. Storey. It took all of his courage to do this, but he felt that his fortune depended on it. He, a newsboy, to ask to see the editor himself! It seemed very bold yet he would do it.

In a few moments he was taken into Mr.

Storey's office. The tall, dark-eyed editor looked at him and listened. Could he, Thomas Edison, a newsboy, have fifteen hundred newspapers and pay for them after they were sold? Mr. Storey looked at him for a moment and then made up his mind. He wrote a few words on a paper.

"Take that down-stairs and you will get what you want," he told the boy, handing him the paper. It was one of the happiest moments in Thomas Edison's life. The magic order was taken to the room below, and the big pile of papers was handed over to him.

There was not a moment to lose. Thomas got three boys to help him fold the papers. Then he hurried away to board his train.

A short time afterwards the train reached the first station at which it was going to stop. It was a quiet little place, where Thomas usually sold two papers. But to his great delight, the platform was crowded with people. The news on the bulletin board had spread through the town like fire, and the people had come from all

directions to meet the train and buy the paper.

Before the train moved out, Thomas had sold one or two hundred copies of the paper at five cents apiece. At the next stopping place, another crowd was waiting, — larger even than the first one. Here our newsboy raised the price of his papers to ten cents and sold three hundred. He met with the same success all along the line till the train reached Port Huron. There Thomas landed with his remaining papers, which he placed in a wagon waiting for him. From this wagon he shouted the news, and so eager were the people to buy the papers, that they gladly paid the price that he now asked, — twenty-five cents and even more for a single copy.

As he went by a church, the service was going on, but the people within heard the boy's strong voice outside shouting the news of the battle, and they came rushing out to gather around him. They even bid against each other for copies of the precious paper.

The success of this day was all due to the telegraph. As the newsboy thought of it, he made up his mind then and there to become a telegraph operator.

While young Edison was still a trainboy on the Grand Trunk Railroad, he printed a paper of his very own. He managed to save enough money to buy a font of type, and a small printing press which he could work by hand. He did all of his work in the corner of a baggage car. He called this paper *The Grand Trunk Herald* and sold it, for the most part, to men who worked on the railroad.

It contained all the news of the trains, as well as any bits of gossip which the sharp ears of the boy could pick up at the different stations where the train stopped. Here are some of the news items which appeared.

"John Robinson, baggage master at James Creek Station, fell off the platform yesterday and hurt his leg. The boys are sorry for John."

"No. 3 Burlington Engine has gone into the shed for repairs."

"LOST — LOST — LOST

"A small parcel of cloth was lost in the cars. The finder will be liberally rewarded."

The newsboy was very proud of his paper, and he had a right to be. He was his own reporter, editor, and publisher. *The Grand Trunk Herald* came to a sad end, however. This is how it happened. The ink which young Edison had been using in his printing, did not suit him. In trying to make it better, he became interested in making experiments. One day, while he was working with some phosphorus, he set fire to the car. The conductor, who had been troubled for a long while by the smells which came to him from time to time because of Edison's experiments, was now very angry.

Without any warning the newsboy was thrown out of the car, with the remains of his press and type around him. It is even said that the conductor first gave him a thrashing. It was an unhappy day for this boy who had been trying his best

to get along in the world. With all his hard work, he had never as yet earned enough money to keep himself in good clothes, nor even to buy all of the food that he needed.

This ended his printing business, for he never tried to start another newspaper. From that time on he spent all of his spare time in learning what he could about telegraphy.

As he went over the road selling newspapers, he made friends with every operator. He got each one to give him something which could be used in his work. From the boys in the town he bought wire, old bottles, and pieces of zinc, for which he gave them three cents a pound. Sometimes Thomas begged so hard that they even cut out the zinc from under their mothers' stoves and brought it to him.

The boy stretched wires across the basement of his father's house. For batteries he used the old bottles, nails, and zinc which he had obtained from the boys. Now he could practice sending telegrams him-

self. He had a young friend and neighbor, named James Ward, who helped him in his experiments. The two boys stretched a wire underground — it was the common kind used on stove pipes — from one house to the other. It was insulated with bottles. The key the boys used was a piece of spring brass. How were they going to make a current that would pass along the wire? Edison hit upon a grand idea, as he thought. He got two cats of fierce temper, fastened a wire to their legs, rubbed their backs to get up a friction, and waited to see what would happen. Now, the cats had no idea of helping the boys in their experiment, and fled in fright. You can imagine the shouts and yells of the boys, as they followed after them. Of course the plan failed, but this little story shows Edison's busy and thoughtful mind even when young.

Every moment that he could get for experiments was so precious to him, that when his day's work as a newsboy was ended, he did not wait for the train to come to a full stop at the station. When it

was still going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, he would jump off and land in a pile of sand which had been placed for him in a certain spot.

One day Thomas did a brave deed which, in the end, was the cause of his getting the help which he needed. It was a bright summer morning. The train on which was " Al " Edison, as the trainmen generally called him, had stopped at Mt. Clemens for a half hour or so, in order to shunt some freight cars from one track to another. While he was waiting, the newsboy got out and was amusing himself by looking at some poultry in the station master's yard close by.

He chanced to turn his eyes toward the track just as a car which had been given a push by a long train of freight cars came bounding along. There, just a short distance in front of it, stood the station master's little boy, Jimmie, two and a half years old. The child was playing with pebbles, and had no thought of danger. Young Edison had often frolicked with the baby

boy and loved him. He saw in an instant that there was not a moment to lose. Tossing his bundle of papers and his cap over on the platform, he made a mad dash toward the child to save him. He was risking his own life, but he did not stop to think of this. He had barely time to seize Jimmie and throw him out of the way of the car, before it reached the very place where the child had stood playing. A wheel of the car struck Edison's boot. If he had been one second later, he would probably have been killed.

As it was, he and his little friend landed so that their faces were ground into the sharp gravel of the track bed. Jimmie's father was not far away, but he did not know that anything had happened, till he saw the trainmen carrying young Edison and Jimmie to the platform of the station.

When he reached them and heard what had been done for his child, his heart was full. He wished to do something to show how grateful he was. He knew that the newsboy was eager to learn all that he

could about telegraphy. So, then and there, he made him an offer.

Young Edison was to spend a part of each day at the station, keeping little Jimmie out of harm's way. In return, he would teach him telegraphy, so that in a short time he would know enough to get a place as night operator. This offer was gladly accepted. Young Edison was eighteen years old when he got his first regular place as telegraph operator in the city of Indianapolis. There he made his first invention.

This is how he came to think of it. There was a very quick operator at the Cincinnati end of the line. Mr. Edison could not take down the messages as fast as this man could send them.

"We must keep up with him in some way," thought he, and he set his busy brain to work.

He soon got an idea. He took two old Morse registers, and fixed them so that if he ran a slip of paper through them the dots and dashes were recorded by the first

register, and could then be given out by the second one as slowly or as fast as he desired.

The young man was proud indeed of his automatic recorder. It was a rude instrument, to be sure, and afterwards its inventor found that it was far from perfect. But it was one step toward the phonograph, which Mr. Edison planned long afterwards, and which gave him the name of being the greatest inventor in the world.

In the early days he was always thinking of new ways to do things. One winter's day there was an ice jam in the river between Port Huron, on the American side, and Sarnia, over in Canada. The distance across was a mile and a half, and it was not safe for any one to attempt to cross over. The ice jam had broken the cable so that no telegram could be sent. The people on the Canadian side did not know what had happened and must be told right away.

Young Edison suddenly had an idea. He sprang upon a locomotive and took hold of the valve which had to do with the whistle.

He said to himself: "I can break up the whistle into short and long notes like the dots and dashes used in telegraphing. I hope that I can make the people across the river understand what I am doing." He no sooner thought of this than he began to act.

"Hello there, Sarnia! Do you get me? Do you hear what I say?" was the message which he made the locomotive toot. There was no reply. Again the engine tooted out: "Do you hear what I say, Sarnia?" Still there was no answer.

But Edison kept on just the same, and after the fifth time, the people across the river understood the message of the young man, and knew what must have happened. Then they began to toot back a reply. Before long the information had been given.

Edison did not stay long as a telegraph operator in one office. He was so interested in making experiments of his own, that he often forgot his duty to the men for whom he was working. In one place he was on night duty. The manager told him that he must report the word "six" every half

hour in order to show that he was awake. But Edison fitted up a wheel that would do this work for him. At another place he kept leaving the office when he should have been there, and went to a library in the city to read. He was hungry to learn all that he could, and there was much that he did not as yet know, and which he might find in books!

He soon got the name of being very careful as well as quick at reporting telegrams. At last he had a chance of getting a good position in Boston. He had never cared much about his appearance, for he was too busy thinking about other things. So, when he walked into the Boston office one bitter cold day, he was a queer-looking sight. A bedraggled linen duster clung about his thin body. A broad-brimmed, slouch hat sat close down on his head. With long steps he marched into the office of the superintendent.

"Here I am," he said.

"Who are you?" demanded the superintendent, slowly looking him over.

"Tom Edison," was the answer.

"And who on earth might Tom Edison be?"

After the young man had explained that he was a telegraph operator, and that he had been ordered to come there, he was told to go to the operating room, where he was to wait for orders. As he sat there he could hear the other men laughing at him and making fun of his looks. Little did he care, however.

He did not have to wait long before a call came from the New York office. The operator there was noted for his quickness in sending messages. Every one was busy but the newcomer. The head of the office looked around and said: "Let that new fellow try him."

For the next four hours and a half Edison was busy taking down the messages in the clear hand which he always used. Faster and faster came the messages, but just as fast were they taken down by the awkward-looking operator who but a short time before had been laughed at by the

others. They began to gather around him in astonishment.

When he had kept on for the four and a half hours without stopping, this word was ticked out on his instrument.

"Hello."

"Hello, yourself."

"Who are you?" were the next words.

"Tom Edison."

"You are the first man in the country that could ever take me at my fastest, and the only one who could ever sit at the other end of my wire for more than two hours and a half. I'm proud to know you."

It is no wonder that after this the manager of the Boston office was glad to hire Mr. Edison. The first invention for which this country gave him a patent was made in the year 1868, while Mr. Edison, then twenty-one years old, was at work in this office. It was a machine which would take down votes as fast as they were cast, and was called an electrical vote recorder. Up to this time votes were always counted slowly by some person.

From Boston, Mr. Edison went to New York. When he arrived in the city he was still poor, — so poor, indeed, that he owed two or three hundred dollars, and he had no idea how he could pay so much money back.

But in a short time there was a great change. People began to see that he was not like other telegraph operators. He kept discovering new and better ways for using electricity. He made other inventions.

Then a great day came in his life. The company for whom he worked said among themselves: "We must have Mr. Edison's inventions for our very own. We do not wish any one else to use them."

Some of the company now went to Mr. Edison to talk the matter over with him. They asked him how much he wanted for these inventions.

He answered: "I do not know how much they are worth. Make me an offer."

When he said this he had no idea that the men would be willing to give him more

than five thousand dollars. But how glad he would be if they gave him as much as this sum! He would use it in making experiments. You can imagine how astonished he was when he was asked: "How would forty thousand dollars strike you?"

He said afterwards that at these words he could have been knocked down with a feather. Of course he gladly accepted the offer, and without wasting any time, he used this money in fitting up a workshop where he could experiment to his heart's delight. He was now a happy man. From this time on he was busy giving new inventions to the world, and getting more and more money, until to-day he is a rich man.

In the year 1873 he was married. For his wife's sake he bought a beautiful home at Menlo Park, twenty-four miles from New York. There he fitted up a larger laboratory than he had ever had before, — indeed, one of the largest of its kind in the whole world. It is said that he spent at least one hundred thousand dollars on the instru-

ments that he would need in making experiments.

He cared little for the beautiful house; but was glad that his wife and children could enjoy it. Neither did he care for horses, or yachts, or any of the other things in which most people delight. As for himself, there was no place in which he could take so much pleasure as in a corner of his own workroom, busy on some new invention.

Why has he succeeded? It is because he has kept at his work. He has put his thoughts and his strength into that. Wherever he has gone he has carried a note-book, and as fast as he got a new idea about an experiment, he would jot it down. Whenever he was traveling he would sit thinking, thinking, thinking. Never a moment has been lost in Mr. Edison's life.

One of the men who once worked for him tells a story which shows how he persists in anything which he is trying to do. His printing telegraph gave out, and would not work. Mr. Edison shut himself in his

workroom and locked the door, saying: "I will not come out until I have discovered what is the matter."

He kept his word. For the next sixty hours he stayed in that room, stopping only long enough to eat some crackers and cheese. But when he had learned what was the trouble, he slept for the next twenty hours.

Mr. Edison was the first to discover that telegrams can be sent in both directions on the same line and at the same time. He is also the one who has showed that electricity can be used in the same way as gas for lighting houses.

Now, in the year 1912, he has already been given patents for more than seven hundred inventions. Since he is only sixty-four years old, and others of his family have lived to be more than a hundred, we have no idea how many more he may yet discover.

Among the most important things that he has given us are the megaphone, which magnifies sound, the incandescent lamp and

light system, and the aerophone. One of the most interesting of all his discoveries is the phonograph, which came to his mind through an accident. He was singing into the mouth-piece of a telephone. The vibrations which his voice made in the air sent the fine steel point into his finger. This set him thinking. He said to himself: "I will make a talking machine."

He got a strip of telegraph paper, and found that by means of the vibrations of his voice, he could make the alphabet on the paper with the fine steel point. He shouted, "Hello! Hello!" into the mouth-piece. Then he ran the paper back over the steel point. He could now hear the words given back. They sounded very faint, to be sure, but he had succeeded. He made up his mind to keep on until he had made a good talking machine.

When people heard of the new idea, they laughed a great deal. But although years passed before he had invented a successful phonograph, Mr. Edison never gave up. He worked on and on, till the time came

when people stopped laughing, and began to wonder at and enjoy this great invention.

Many playthings to-day are wonderful because of the phonograph. Little girls are made happy by presents of dolls which sing songs and recite verses by means of phonographs shut up within their tiny bodies. There is not time here to tell of all the phonographic toys which are made.

Mr. Edison's present home is at West Orange, in New Jersey. It is a perfect palace, in which you may go from one beautiful room to another. If you should visit him there perhaps you would be interested to stay longest in the room he calls his "den." It is very large, and filled with beautiful furniture. Here you may see the medals which have been sent to the great inventor from different countries. Here you may examine presents which have been given him by rulers and other great people all over the world. And here, too, you may find Mr. Edison romping with his children, whom he loves very

dearly; for busy as he is, he finds time to enjoy their company as well as that of his wife, who has always been a true helpmate.

V

THE MAGICIAN OF FRIENDSHIP

HAVE you ever heard of "Hull House" in the heart of the city of Chicago, and of the great work done there by Miss Jane Addams? A few years ago it was just one house, as you would suppose from its name. Now, however, there are many buildings, but they are still called "Hull House."

Any one who is in trouble is made welcome there. The man who has lost his job, the sick woman, helpless, old grandparents, little, motherless children, even tiny babies who cannot walk or take care of themselves, may be sure of kind words and smiles and loving help at Hull House.

Miss Jane Addams has brought this about. When she was a little child she was not poor like the people whom she helps

to-day. She was born in a comfortable home in Cedarville, Illinois, at a time when the great Civil War was raging in this country. Perhaps she learned to be sorry for others because, although she did not suffer from cold or hunger, she had a trouble of her own. It was this, — her spine was weak and bent, and it was hard for the sensitive child to forget it. When she walked she had to carry her head on one side, and she fancied that she must be ugly to look at on this account.

Poor little girl! No one knew how much she suffered, or how sorry she felt for her father because he did not have a beautiful daughter.

"How handsome he is," she thought. "It is too bad that strangers who come here should find out that I am his child."

Little Jane loved her father with all her heart, and one of her greatest delights was to walk home with him from Sunday-school. He taught the Bible class in a corner of the church near the pulpit, and the child imagined that every one must

take as much delight as she did in looking at his fine face while he sat talking. Sometimes visitors came to the church from other towns. Then the little Jane would say to herself: "Those strangers must not know that I am the child of that handsome man. It would bring shame upon him."

So, when Sunday-school was over, she would make her way to the side of her uncle James, and leave the church with him. No doubt he wondered at this, for he knew how his niece liked to be with her father, but he did not ask any questions. He only smiled kindly at her, and said: "So you are going to walk with me to-day."

The sensitive child had this feeling in regard to her father for several years. Then something happened which put an end to the trouble. One day she was walking through a street of a city a short distance from Cedarville. As she reached the bank, who should come out of the door but her father! He looked particularly tall and handsome in a high, silk hat. When he caught sight of his little

daughter, he playfully took off his hat and made a very deep bow. All the "strange" people on the crowded sidewalk could see this mark of attention, and the child suddenly saw how foolish she had been about her looks. Her father was not ashamed of her. Why should she be ashamed of herself?

There were two big mills opposite the little girl's home, which belonged to her father. One was a flour mill where loads of wheat were daily ground into fine dust. In the other, logs which had been brought down the stream close by were sawed into lumber. Jane used to like to sit on these logs, as they moved toward the big, buzzing saw which was to cut them up. Nearer and nearer the young rider would come; then, just before the log reached the sharp teeth of the saw, off she would spring. It was exciting, but not very safe sport for a delicate child.

But, after all, the flour mill gave the most pleasure. There were empty bins in which Jane and her stepbrother could play

at hide-and-seek. Down in the basement there were piles of bran and shorts. Sometimes the miller would let the children sprinkle the edges of one of these piles with water from the mill-stones, and play with it as though it were sand. The flour mill was certainly a wonderful place in which to pass a morning or an afternoon.

Jane longed greatly to have a "miller's thumb" because her father had flattened his own thumb by means of the work he had done in the mill years ago. So the child would sit beside the mill-stones, rubbing grains of wheat between her thumb and fingers, looking every once in a while to see if the work had made any change, and the flattening that she longed for had come about.

When she was eight years old she had a beautiful new cloak of which she was very proud. She put it over her shoulders and stood before her father, expecting him to praise it. Yes, he told her, it was very pretty. But it was so much prettier than any which the other children would wear

at Sunday-school that day, that it might make them feel bad. So she had better wear her old cloak, which was warm enough. Besides, no one would feel bad then.

His little daughter did as he said, but she was very sober as she walked by his side that day to church. It had been pretty hard to give up the pleasure of wearing the new cloak. At last, as they drew near the church, Jane asked what was to be done about it, for some people were sure to have prettier clothes than others.

"Nothing can be done," was the answer. "People can be equal, though, in learning and in goodness. And it is very stupid for them to keep on wearing clothes which keep them from being equal in dress."

Jane and her stepbrother spent a great deal of time out-of-doors in the lovely country around their home. High up on a hill back of the village was a grove of pine trees, which Mr. Addams had planted years before, and here the wind sang many a sweet, low song to the children as it swept through the branches.

Along the sides of the mill-stream were some high bluffs in which were "real" caves. One of them was so dark and deep that a lighted candle was needed to see the inside. It was great sport for the children to play among these caves and imagine all sorts of things happening to them. They had many a game there that lasted day after day and week after week.

Among the other odd things which Jane and her brother thought of, was the building of an altar down beside the mill-stream. In the autumn the children delighted in getting stores of black walnuts. One day they decided that one out of every hundred nuts should be sacrificed. They were placed in a pile on the barn floor, and a pitcher of newly made cider was poured over them. Then they were ready for the sacrifice.

Among other things, the children brought a book which they loved dearly and placed it on the altar, and then they stood by and watched it until it had burned to ashes.

They were brought up, like all good

children, to say their prayers. But after a while plain English did not seem good enough to them. So, although they were not old enough yet to study Latin in school, they set to work to learn the Latin words for the Lord's Prayer, which they had found in some old book. Of course, they did not know how to pronounce the words, but that did not matter. They felt that they were more religious if they repeated the prayer in a way different from that of most people.

One night Jane had a strange dream. It seemed to her that every one in the world but herself was dead, and, as there was no one else alive to do it, she had to make a wagon wheel. There was the village just the same as ever, and around the corner stood the shop of the blacksmith. There was the blazing fire on the forge with the anvil near by. The blacksmith was not in his place, however, nor any one else who could do the work. In this queer dream the child felt sure that before everything in the world could go on again, the

wheel must be made and that she was the only one there to do it. But she did not know how, and she was greatly troubled.

Night after night she had the same dream, and morning after morning the little six-year-old girl would make her way to the smithy. You can picture her now, standing in the doorway and watching the smith with big, eager eyes. Could she ever make a wheel, she wondered. It seemed like such hard work, and there were so many unpleasant things which had to be done before it was finished. Sometimes she grew brave enough to ask questions of the blacksmith.

"Do you always have to sizzle the iron in water?" was one of them. And when the good-natured man would answer: "Sure, that's what makes the iron hot," the child's heart would sink and she would go sadly away. No, it didn't seem possible that she could ever, ever, ever make a wheel.

Once upon a time the little girl did something which she knew was very wrong.

She told a lie! When night came and she was tucked away in bed, she could not go to sleep. She kept thinking of what she had done. She knew what a dreadful thing a lie was. She thought of heaven, and feared that she could not go there at all on account of that lie. No wonder the poor, sickly child could not get to sleep.

The minutes passed slowly by, and still she thought of the wrong she had done. Suppose her father should die before she had a chance to confess. It was too dreadful to think of. She must not wait till morning, to tell him. She jumped out of bed, and went bravely out of her room and down the stairs. But when she reached the lower hall, she began to be afraid. The front door was always left unlocked, and bad people could come in if they wished.

As she thought of the dangers before her, she could go no farther. Besides, there was the big living-room through which she must make her way before she could reach the door of her father's room. The very next step would bring her to a piece of oil-

cloth in front of the hall door. It was cold, and her feet were bare.

It is no wonder that she clung to the post at the foot of the stairs as she thought of all these terrible things. But at last she grew brave enough to make a bold dash forward. And now we can see her standing breathless beside her father's bed, as she tells him what has brought her there.

When the story was finished, he said: "If I have a little girl who will tell lies, I am very glad she feels so bad that she cannot go to sleep afterwards."

Somehow these words took away all the pain. Her father understood and loved her just the same. She could go back to bed now without fear, and sleep would be sure to come.

You will remember that Jane Addams was born at the beginning of a great war. During her childhood dreadful things were taking place in other parts of the country, though her own village was quiet and peaceful. When the little girl was three and one half years old, something happened which

made even Jane feel that the world was not all like Cedarville.

There were two white gate posts at the end of the walk in front of her house. One day she discovered an American flag on each of these posts. Beside them was a strip of black, the badge of mourning. What could it mean? Over the walk to the house she ran as fast as her little feet could carry her, to ask her father what was the matter. It is often said that haste makes waste. It was so in her case, at any rate, for she had not taken many steps before she tumbled down on the hard gravel.

But up she jumped and hurried on her way. When she reached the house she saw what she had never seen before. Her father was in tears!

"What are those things there for?" she asked.

"The greatest man in the world has just died," her father answered.

He was weeping for Abraham Lincoln, and not only he, but all America was

mourning over the death of that good and wonderful man. The little girl suddenly discovered that there was a big world outside of her own home, and that Lincoln had been a part of it.

Jane's father had known and loved Lincoln. He always spoke of him as "Mr. Lincoln," but whenever he mentioned the name he showed such deep feeling, that the little daughter herself was moved.

One day Mr. Addams took from his desk a small packet of letters and showed them to Jane. They had been written to him by Lincoln, and each one of them began: "My dear double d'd Addams." This was, of course, because Mr. Addams, unlike most people of that name, spelled it with two d's, and Mr. Lincoln joked about it in his quiet way.

There were several pictures of Mr. Lincoln in Jane's house; one of them was the picture of the President with his son Tad whom he loved very dearly, and who had died when he was but a boy.

As Jane began to understand more and more what war meant, she liked to look at a list of names of the "Addams Guard," which hung in the living-room. They were the names of men who had gone from her village to take part in the war. Some of these soldiers had died in battle.

This list hung so far up on the wall that the little girl and her brother could not see the names from the floor. Even if the children stood on a chair they were not high enough. So they would place the big Bible and the dictionary on the chair-seat. The Bible came first, of course. It would not do to put their feet directly on that sacred book. As it was, it almost made them shiver to think of using it at all.

When they had perched themselves upon the books, they would examine the names, one by one, and pick out those which belonged to the men who had fallen on the battle-field. By this time the war had become a very real thing to the children.

Jane and her brother were often taken for a drive. Then they were sure to ask

to ride past the home of some soldier who had gone from Cedarville to the war. Or perhaps in the garden there were flowers to be picked and given away. Then the children would ask that these flowers be taken to the mother of one of the heroes who belonged to the Addams Guard.

Sometimes a "real" general came to visit Mr. Addams. It was a great day, and Jane was filled with excitement to think that this famous man was actually in her own home for her to see and hear. It was a wonderful event indeed when such a visit was paid.

The little girl, as you can see, was growing up with a deep love for the heroes of the war which had lately ended. But, strongest of all, was her love for Abraham Lincoln, the greatest of all Americans, as Jane's father taught her to believe.

She learned that sixty-five miles north of her home, in the State Capitol of Wisconsin, a wonderful eagle had his home. He was called, "Old Abe," in honor of Lincoln. He had been carried by the Eighth

Wisconsin Regiment through the whole war, and though he had been in the thick of many battles, he had come home safe and sound. Now, thought Jane, sixty-five miles is not a long distance for an eagle to fly. Suppose he should escape from his keeper some day and fly southward. Why, he might pass over the very apple orchard where the little girl and her brother spent much of their time. It is no wonder, then, that they often turned their eyes toward the sky to see if "Old Abe" was drawing near.

An event came in Jane's life which will always be remembered. One summer day she and her brother were taken to visit "Old Abe" in his own home. The journey was made in a carriage and the drive was a beautiful one, past wide fields of ripening grain. Towards the end, the road led among hills and past lovely lakes. And then the city itself appeared in sight, and the dome of the Capitol where "Old Abe" was now living so quietly, could be plainly seen against the sky. A few minutes after-

wards the children left the carriage and were soon standing before "Old Abe." An old soldier in a blue army coat had charge of the noble bird. He described the battles through which the eagle had passed without so much as a scratch, and answered all the questions which the children asked him. Ever afterwards "Old Abe" had his place in the picture which Jane's mind painted of brave soldiers marching to battle.

When the little girl had learned all she could at the village school, she left home to study at a seminary in Rockford. She lived a very quiet life there, working hard. Her class chose for their motto, the Saxon word for lady, meaning bread-giver, while the poppy was chosen to give the class-color, because it grows in many places among the wheat, and because a quieting medicine which stops pain is made from the poppy. Jane and her mates were much pleased at what they had chosen. They said: "Wherever there is hunger which can only be satisfied with food,

there is sure to be pain which must be relieved."

One of the pleasantest things in Jane's life at the seminary was the Sunday morning visit to the neat and dainty room of her Greek teacher, where the two would read the Gospel together in Greek. The teacher herself was so charming, and the place so full of peace and quiet, that those mornings were never afterwards forgotten.

After Jane had finished her studies she made several trips to Europe. She visited galleries filled with the world's most beautiful paintings; she saw the noblest pieces of sculpture; she traveled among grand mountains and lovely lakes.

But she also looked upon many sad sights. She went at night to the East Side of London and looked upon the faces of the very poor. She learned of the life in the factories and mills, where little children, who should be playing out-of-doors, were kept busy through the long day. In her own home, America, she saw some sad sights, too. The time came at last

when she felt that she herself had a work to do, — she would make poor people happier in every way that she could.

During Miss Addams's life at Rockford Seminary, she had heard many talks about the work of missionaries in lands far from home. But she was not as interested in them as many of her friends were. Another work was waiting for her. Years afterwards she discovered what that work was, and that the place for her to perform it was right here in her own country among the very poor.

She talked the matter over with Miss Starr, a dear friend of hers, and although they were then across the ocean in Spain, they made a plan of what should be done when they reached home. A few months afterwards the two ladies were back in the United States. They went to the great city of Chicago and were soon busily at work, hunting for a house in which they could live, and in which, at the same time, they could do the work which they had planned.

The house must be in the part of the city where poor people were living. The ladies searched for a long time and at last selected a large building which had once upon a time been quite a mansion. It stood in the midst of old, tumble-down tenements. Dirty, ragged children played in the streets near by. Nothing beautiful could be seen from the windows save patches of blue sky overhead.

But Miss Addams and her friend were not troubled on that account. They bought comfortable furniture and set it up in the rooms. They hung up the lovely pictures they had bought in Europe. They did all they could to make their new home as pretty and cosy as possible. But they did not do this for their own pleasure. It was for the sake of their neighbors.

Why did nice ladies who seemed to be rich come to live beside them in this ugly part of the city? Many of the visitors asked this question when they began to get acquainted with Miss Addams and Miss Starr. They could not understand it at

all. But they soon came to feel that these ladies were real friends who did not wish to keep all of their nice things for themselves. They delighted in sharing them with others.

Miss Addams was busy with other things besides entertaining her poor neighbors. She started a kindergarten for little children whose mothers were too busy to look after them all of the time. The parents of many of these children had come from Poland and Italy to make their home in the busy city of Chicago. They missed the green fields and the flowers and birds of their own lands very much. Here in this new home there were only dark and narrow streets for their children to play in, as the parks were far away in another part of the city. So the tired, busy mothers must have been very happy to think of the pleasant room in Hull House, where their little ones could spend the morning with the kind, sweet-voiced young teacher who came every day to help Miss Addams in her work.

You may like to hear an amusing story of these little tots. Though they all belonged to poor families, yet some of them looked down on others. So one day it happened that a small Italian boy was not willing to sit beside another child whom the teacher had placed there.

"She eat her macaroni this way," he said with scorn, as he threw his head back and pretended to throw the food into his mouth with his hand.

"We eat our macaroni this way," he went on, as, with a make-believe fork, he acted as though he were eating it with nicety.

At this, the little girl of whom he was speaking nodded her head. Yes, she understood. The boy was better brought up than she was, and she looked up to him on this account.

Little children were not the only ones who came to the kindergarten at Hull House. There was one old woman in the class who was ninety years old! The poor creature had been left at home through the day while her daughter was away at her

work. She had little to think of, and so she got into the habit of picking the plaster off the walls.

"I can't have any one living in the tenement who does harm to it," the landlord said, and he ordered the woman and her old mother out. The same thing happened in the next place, and they were ordered out again.

"Why shouldn't she come to the kindergarten and learn to keep her fingers busy in a nicer way?" said the young teacher.

It was a happy thought. The old woman was soon at work among the children, making bright-colored paper chains. She enjoyed herself so much that she was willing to make paper chains all day, and in this way kept herself out of any mischief.

"We must have a day nursery at Hull House," said Miss Addams, when she thought of the babies who were locked into a room with older brothers or sisters while the mother was away at work. Many a sad accident had happened on account of it, too. Little backs were deformed, little

arms and legs were broken, in the falls which the babies suffered when the older people were not there to care for them. A day nursery with a kind woman to care for the little ones would prevent such things. It was soon started and every morning many women could be seen leaving their babies at Hull House, before starting out on their day's work.

There were many boys living near Hull House. Something must be done for them, too. So they were invited to come and listen to the reading of delightful and exciting stories. So well were these stories read that the boys were only too glad to come again and again. The heroes of the old days of chivalry became real to them. One day they had listened to the story of Prince Roland, and were so deeply touched that one of them went dashing out of Hull House to keep from crying. Just then he met Miss Addams herself.

"There is no use coming here any more," he told her. "Prince Roland is dead."

In this way the first boys' club was started

by Miss Addams. A sewing club was formed for the older girls, where they learned how to make neat garments for the other members of their families. These young people were so much interested in their work, that a girl was disappointed if she could not finish the garment on the same day that she began it, so that she might take it home that very night.

Miss Addams believed in entertainments, so before long a real play was performed at Hull House. No doubt the ones who took part in it were very proud. After this there were more plays, besides other kinds of entertainment for old folks as well as for young.

You can hardly imagine how much pleasure all these things gave the poor people who lived near Hull House. Many of them were Italians who loved their own beautiful country very dearly and had an idea that the rest of America must be like the corner of Chicago where they lived. When one of these Italian women saw some red roses at Hull House, she was filled with

delight. But she had no idea that they had grown in the country near by. She thought that they must have come all the way from Italy.

In the course of time, a "Jane Club" was started for working girls in a building close by; there was a gymnasium for boys; a "Children's House" came to take the place of the first little day nursery; there was a school for the study of art, and one where boys and girls who loved music could be trained to become teachers, as well as to play and sing in public.

In fact, Hull House in a few years was no longer one house, for many buildings now took the place of the one in which Miss Addams and her friend began their work so quietly and simply the eighteenth day of September, 1889.

Miss Addams has not put all of her thoughts into that one place. She has worked bravely for the people who earn their living in factories, trying to have the laws changed so that the day's labor should be made shorter. More important

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still, she has done all that she could to keep young children from being allowed to work in factories. She felt how cruel it was to shut out these little ones from the beautiful sunshine, and bend their backs with work which was too hard for them.

Then, too, she has tried her utmost to have the laws so changed that the tenements where the poor live shall be more healthful and comfortable. Doing all these things and many more, is it any wonder she is called to-day "the first lady in the land?"

When some of us think of her, however, we prefer to use the words of an old blind man whom she had helped, and who liked to speak of her as "Kind Heart."

VI

THE MAGICIAN OF LOVE

If you leave the eastern coast of the United States and sail northward, you will come by and by to the bleak and lonely peninsula of Labrador. It is swept by cold winds from the ocean nearly all the year, while icebergs, from their home in the far north, come floating grandly down along its shores. These icebergs take on many strange shapes, and show such beautiful colors when the sun is shining upon them that they must often seem like fairy palaces to the boys and girls of Labrador.

The parents of these children are very poor. They get their living by fishing, and when the short summer's "catch" is bad, they and their little ones must

suffer during the long, cold winter that follows.

There are no roads through that country, no towns, no telephones. Saddest of all, until a few years ago, along the whole coast there was no physician who could drive away the burning fever from the sick child or set the broken bones of those who met with accidents; for the journeys are made with dog-sledges, and there are often sudden overturns and falls over rocky ledges or boulders of ice.

Moreover, until lately, many of the Labrador children did not know the joys of Christmas, nor had they ever heard of the Good Shepherd whose birth is celebrated on this day.

Nowadays things are quite different and it is because of the loving deeds of one man, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, who crossed the ocean to make his home in that bleak country, and who works day after day and often night after night that he may bring happiness and health to the people of Labrador and their children.

Jolly and merry he is, too, and always ready to see the funny side of everything that happens. He never seems tired, nor afraid of danger. Indeed, he appears to love it, and always he is kind and loving, and ready to forget himself in helping others.

When Dr. Grenfell was a boy he lived in England. There he went to school and college and afterwards learned to be a surgeon by working among the sick in the great London hospital.

One night he went to hear the preaching of an American minister, Mr. Moody. Mr. Moody's words set him thinking so deeply that he made up his mind then and there to live in the way Jesus told us we should do. He would work for others and not himself: it was the only way to be happy, he felt sure.

At that time there were many poor fishermen in the North Sea who needed help.

"I will go away to them," Dr. Grenfell said to himself. "I will do all I can to

heal them when they are sick, and at the same time I will talk to them of the good God."

Not long afterwards he sailed on a ship which was carrying help to these fishermen, and he stayed in the North Sea healing and preaching till there were others to carry on the work.

Then he thought of another place where he was needed much more. It was Labrador and the near-by coast of Newfoundland. Dr. Grenfel knew how long and bitter the winter was, what dreadful storms raged there, and how poor and cheerless were the homes of the people. But there was a chance to do good and to drive away pain, and he was glad to take it. So one day this good man appeared on the coast of Labrador to begin his work.

Think for a moment of the boys and girls who lived there in the old days. As much as the parents loved their children, they could not cure them when they felt sick, pull out the aching teeth, nor set the broken bones. It was only a short

time before Dr. Grenfell's coming that a little girl froze her feet so badly that her father, who loved her tenderly, saw that she must die unless something was done for her. So, to save her life, he chopped off the feet with his axe. If a physician had been there he would have made her well without doing such a dreadful thing. Is not this one sad story enough to show how much Dr. Grenfell was needed?

It is no wonder he was kept busy as soon as he began his new life. There were three thousand miles of coast along which the huts of the fishermen were scattered, sometimes a hundred or more miles apart. A physician might be needed at any time in any one of these lonely homes.

In the summer season Dr. Grenfell could sail along these shores in his little steamer, stopping wherever a signal was raised. But even then there was danger, for thick fogs often settled down quite suddenly, and hid from sight the steep crags jutting out into the sea. Then, too, there was often an iceberg lying in the pathway of the

steamer. Its course must be watched carefully lest it bear down upon the boat and crush it before it could get out of the way. Fierce gales, too, would sometimes arise, and the boat would be tossed about on the waves like a feather. Little did Dr. Grenfell care for these dangers! He was too busy and happy carrying help to those who needed it.

The winter season was far worse when the waters along the shore were frozen over and the steamer was useless. The only way to travel then was by means of a sledge drawn by a pack of dogs.

As the cold days set in, Dr. Grenfell set to work to make such a sledge, a " komatik " as the Eskimos call it. It was carved out of the trunk of an old spruce tree and shod with ivory from the jaw-bone of a whale. No nails were needed, for the different parts were bound together with thongs made out of the skin of a seal which Dr. Grenfell had shot with his rifle.

Of course, when the sledge was finished it must have a name. What better could

be chosen than "Lend-a-hand," for was it not to carry help to those who were in need?

And so "Lend-a-hand" started out on its good work, and if it could only speak, it might tell many a story of rides over gleaming snow-fields, of falls over steep, ice-covered crags, of unexpected dashes out over the half-frozen waters along the shores; yes, and of sudden burials beneath avalanches of snow that took away the breath of both the dogs and their master.

As you may remember, there are no roads in Labrador. The driver can find his way only by means of trails. Such trails in the lands of the frozen North are quite different from those which the Indians made long ago through the fields and forests of this country.

Suppose a traveler in his dog-team tramples out a pathway through the drifts of snow that spread over the land as far as eyes can see. The fierce wind follows close after and in a few minutes there is no trace left of either man or dogs.

Thus the only way to mark out a safe path is by means of tall poles set into the earth. The Labrador dogs are trained so that they watch for these poles and scarcely need to be guided by their master, as they dash along through the icy air, going mile after mile without stopping or turning out of the course they are to follow.

"Hold tight," Dr. Grenfell would tell you, if you should visit him in Labrador and go with him for a ride in the "Lend-a-hand."

Woe to you if you do not mind this direction, for at any moment there may come a sudden leap over a snow bank, or a bump on a sharp rock. Then away you will go through the air over the dogs' heads, and you may land head first in a snow bank with breath all gone. There you will stick till your kind friend reaches you and digs you out.

This dog-sledge has a busy life carrying its master through the wild country, to old people and young. Perhaps you

would like to hear of the way he and a friend spent one winter night. They were about to start out on a long ride to see a sick priest; the dogs had just finished their supper of whale-meat and were tugging at their traces to be off, when an excited young man drove up to the door.

"My Johnnie has broken his thigh," he said. "Can you come right over and see him?"

It was fast getting dark, the night was bitter cold, and the ride would be long, yet the doctor did not think of refusing. After a hearty supper he wrapped himself in his big fur coat, and untying the dogs, he and his friend jumped into the "Lend-a-hand" and were off. Away into the darkness went the sledge and its riders, while the excited dogs, glad to be once more on the go, dashed wildly on their way.

It was a rough journey, and more than once Dr. Grenfell felt that Johnnie's leg might not be the only one broken, as the sledge went suddenly down, down, over a

steep and rocky hillside, and landed him breathless far below.

But at last he arrived safe and sound at Johnnie's doorway. Such a poor little hut as it was, so cold and bare! It had scarcely any furniture save a small stove in which the burning wood was trying hard to keep Jack Frost from entering the hut.

On a rude bench lay six-year-old Johnnie, who turned big, scared eyes toward the doctor as he opened the door. The good physician, wrapped in his frosty, fur coat, must have looked like a big, kindly bear.

Not a moment could be lost, for the little boy was in great pain. So the doctor set to work at once and, clearing a place on the floor, got a board, scraped the ice from it, and made a box-splint in which to place the poor broken thigh. Two hours passed before the splint was done, while Johnnie lay waiting in his father's arms, dozing off again and again, only to wake with a cry of pain.

Then, when all was ready, the kind helper,

chloroform, put the boy into a deep, quiet sleep, and when he awoke the leg was set and his troubles were over.

The doctor could now think of his own tired body, and he stretched himself out on the floor to get the sleep he needed so much before he should set out on another errand of mercy.

When he awoke, the morning sun was sending its first rays through the little window and Johnnie, near by, was smiling merrily, and patting the head of one of the dogs.

A few minutes afterwards the physician and his friend had left the hut far behind, and were racing along in the sledge over the ice hummocks by the shore to visit the sick priest many miles away.

Hour after hour they traveled, while all the time the snow was falling faster and faster and piling up great drifts through which the dogs had hard work to make their way.

Hark! a voice rings through the air, and in the thick-falling snow the doctor can

barely see the figure of a man standing alone in the trail before him, and watching for his coming.

This man tells a sad story: a boy who has been out hunting ducks with his brother, has been shot accidentally. The hut where he lives is but a short distance away in the woods. Will Dr. Grenfell come?

There can be but one answer. The dogs are turned from the shore and in a few minutes the doctor finds himself at a rough log-house in the midst of the woods. As he enters, he sees half-dressed, ragged children looking with longing eyes at a bit of bread on the table. It is all there is to eat in the hut. Even this has been given by a poor neighbor.

A boy with blue eyes and curly yellow hair lies on the earthen floor. It is he who has been shot. The doctor sees at a glance that little can be done except to make the pain lighter. He does this with choking throat, then leaves him to go on with his journey to the sick priest.

The storm is still raging and the dogs

lose themselves again and again in the drifting snow. Their master sees it is not possible to keep up much longer, and that he must stop when he arrives at the next house.

At last it is reached, and the travelers are made welcome by the man and his wife who live here. Their wet clothes are hung up to dry. An eider duck is set cooking over the fire, the one mattress on which the people were sleeping when the doctor arrived is given up to him and his friend. It seems delightful to be warm and comfortable again after the long journey in the fearful storm.

By the next morning the snow has piled so high about the house that the host has to get out of the window in the loft to dig out a pathway in front of the door. Now the dogs must be hunted up, for they are sound asleep in snow burrows which they dug out for themselves.

When they are once more harnessed and ready, the start is made. But the snow has piled so high during the night it is almost

impossible to get on. Ah! help is at hand. A party of men on snow-shoes are making their way to meet Dr. Grenfell and to tread down a path so that he may be able to reach the priest before it is too late. With their help the journey is over at last, and the doctor reaches the sick man's side in time to give him help and cheer before he dies.

Do you wonder now that the doctor gave the name of "Lend-a-hand" to his dog-sledge, when he has to take such journeys as this in dreary Labrador?

Sometimes the "Lend-a-hand" serves not only to carry him on his way, but is his shelter at night when he has lost the trail and is far from any house. Then it is that the sledge is tilted up on one side and covered with a thatch of boughs, while a snow-bed is dug out of the drift below. In this bed the doctor places his sleeping-bag, crawls inside, and makes ready for his night's rest, quite sure that God will care for him here as tenderly as in his own home.

One night he had a stranger bed than this. He had lost his way and had been wandering for hours in the dark night when he found himself beside a tiny hut on the seashore. An old couple made him welcome and gave him bread and tea, — all they had to offer. After this simple supper, he stretched himself on a settle before the fire to sleep. But before long there were strange noises below him, which kept him again and again from dozing off.

It seems that the good man of the house had shut up his poultry in the settle so that they, as well as himself, might have a warm home in the icy, wintry weather. And now, as the morning drew near, the wakeful cock was trying to tell the world what time it was.

How pleasant it would be, thought the doctor, to choke that noisy rooster. But no, that would not be treating his host right. So he contented himself by stretching down his hand and holding the bird's neck between his fingers so that he could not crow. Now for a quiet doze. Alas,

it lasted but a few minutes, for the fingers lost their hold and the shrill crowing again filled the air. Morning came at last, but little of the needed sleep had visited Dr. Grenfell's eyes.

There was a time when the "Lend-a-hand" might have been called "Lend-a-leg." This was when the doctor carried a wooden leg to a lame boy who had been in need of one for a long time. The child was delighted when he saw the precious bundle in his good friend's hands, and knew that he could once more walk without crutches and take part in the sports of his playmates.

Once the "Lend-a-hand" brought the doctor into great danger. It was Easter Sunday and he was on his way to visit a sick person sixty miles away. He was crossing a small inlet covered with ice. It was not as thick as he supposed, and sledge, rider and dogs had a sudden tumble into the freezing water below.

Quick as thought, Dr. Grenfell cut the dogs loose and scrambled with them upon

a piece of ice; a moment afterwards the "Lend-a-hand" had sunk out of sight. And now the ice where he was standing broke apart. Again he had to think quickly what to do. He pulled off his heavy clothes, and with his dogs following after, he swam to another ice-floe. It was no larger than a dining-table, yet here he had to stay for a whole day and night, slowly drifting along the coast, yet too far from shore to try to reach it by swimming.

He was drenched through, and had lost hat, coat and gloves. The wind was fiercely cold, and he must freeze to death unless he should soon get help of some kind. He thought of the dogs; it seemed very hard to do it, but he must kill some of them to save his own life. He picked out three of the eight for the sacrifice. Soon afterwards he was wrapped in their warm skins, and their dead bodies were piled up for a shield against the wind. Even the legs of the animals were put to use, for out of them he made a pole to which he fastened his shirt as a flag of distress.

It happened by good fortune that some men who were out seal hunting saw the ice-floe with its queer-looking load. When they reached home they told the people in the village that some one was adrift on the ice outside. One of the men seized a spy-glass and went at once to the top of a tall cliff. Yes, his friends had spoken truly, and no doubt the castaway was Dr. Grenfell, who had probably brought himself into danger while on an errand of mercy.

It was not possible to launch a boat just then, because the ice was "panning" and was likely to close in around it. All that night the people watched Dr. Grenfell from the shore and when the morning came, although the danger was still great, a party started out to save him.

If they had waited a little longer, it would have been too late, for he had already become snow-blind and very weak, while both hands and feet were frozen.

He was a strange-looking sight, for he was wrapped in the bloody skins of the dogs. But the men who had saved him had no

time to think of that as they got to shore with him as quickly as possible, and placing him in a sledge, carried him off to the hospital.

"Hospital!" you may exclaim. "Are there hospitals on those bleak and lonely shores?" Yes, and it is through the work of Dr. Grenfell himself, who has made the people in America and England so interested in Labrador that they have not only given money to build hospitals, but have sent nurses to care for the sick and suffering who are brought there.

When Dr. Grenfell had been in Labrador but a short time, he found that there were many children who did not know what the word Christmas meant. They had never heard of Christmas trees; they had never hung up their stockings on Christmas Eve, nor listened for the coming of Santa Claus down the chimney. Worst of all, they knew nothing about the birth of the Christ-Child and of his tender love for all little ones.

Of course, the good doctor took great

delight in telling the beautiful story wherever he went, as well as playing Santa Claus and bringing the loveliest surprises to whole families of children.

He has written and talked so much about his little Labrador friends, that nowadays many boys and girls in the United States send Christmas letters and presents to their brothers and sisters in the cold land north of them. The boxes begin to arrive months beforehand, for the homes of the children are scattered far and wide and it takes a long time to distribute the gifts. The older folks must be very happy when they receive the parcels. They think of the joyful faces they will see on Christmas morning when real dollies with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, trains of cars, and toy tea-sets are spread out before the eyes of the little ones. Sometimes one of these store dolls is hung up on the wall.

"It is too beautiful to hold in my hands," its little owner may think. "I must keep it to look at."

No doubt this child has played doll before with a rag wrapped about a stick of wood, and so it takes her a long time to get used to this new and wonderful baby with real hair, — a dolly that will even cry, and open and shut its eyes.

Dr. Grenfell has told the story of one of the Christmases when he played Santa Claus for the children who live at the little harbor of St. Anthony, Newfoundland. It made him quite sad when he learned that few of the children in the place had ever owned a toy in their whole lives. There was hardly a girl there who had ever hugged a real dolly in her loving arms.

He had a stock of presents which he had brought with him, but they would scarcely go around, he thought, when he found how many old people, as well as boys and girls, were anxious to share in the good time. Still, he would do his best, and he felt quite sure that each one would be satisfied with a little. In the first place a visit was made to the woods near by to get a Christmas tree, and there was great

excitement when it was brought in and set up. There was an old man eighty years old, who had never seen one before or taken part in any Christmas "doings," and he was as interested as any of the children.

Many secrets went flying about; there were Christmas buns to be made; there was even a whisper that a barrel of apples was hidden away somewhere in the house, and that when the time came it would be brought to light.

And then the very night before the great day, Santa Claus (Dr. Grenfell, you know) was sent for. A sick woman who lived many miles away, was in great pain, but the dogs were fresh and it seemed as though the doctor could go there and get back in time.

At first the sledge dashed along at a great rate, but after a time the way became rough and difficult and the dogs fell again and again through the soft snow. Could the journey be made in time for Dr. Grenfell to get back to the Christmas tree? He began to fear he could not.

At last the log-house where the woman lay ill was reached, and the doctor found he was in time to save her life.

After he had done all he could, he stretched his sleeping-bag on the floor near the fire and was soon fast asleep, for he was very tired from the hard ride. With the first light of the morning, he sprang up and called the dogs. In a few minutes all were ready for the homeward start.

It was a real Christmas morning. The air was clear and still, the sky was blue with never a cloud, and over in the east the sunrise showed itself in the most beautiful crimson garments. As for the dogs, it seemed as though they knew there was no time to spare, they rushed along so madly.

Suddenly they began to bark, for they had discovered that a team was ahead. It soon came in sight and a voice shouted "What cheer?" Then, with surprise, the owner of the voice exclaimed: "The doctor, as I live!"

He went on to say that people were out in sledges all over the country trying to find him. A boy had been shot and was bleeding badly; he needed help at once.

There was but one thing to do, and of course the doctor did it. He gave the word, and the dogs started off in the direction of the boy's home. When it was reached, the sun was already setting. The doctor hurried into the house to find a boy of ten years stretched on the floor by the stove. His mother was beside him.

She soon told the story. Her lad Clem had seen a gull and borrowed a loaded gun with which to shoot it. But a high block of ice was in his way and he started to climb over it. He pushed the gun up ahead of him, though its barrel was pointed towards him. Off it went, and the bullet tore a deep hole in his leg, blowing the knee-cap to pieces.

"What shall us do?" asked the mother, when she had finished the story.

With busy fingers the doctor examined the wound; then he quickly gave one order

after another. Clean cloths, boiling water, and a board for a splint must be brought.

As soon as the wound was dressed and the leg bound in the splint, he got ready to hurry back to St. Anthony for the Christmas tree and the eager children who were waiting for him there. But he told the mother that the sick boy should go with him, for he knew that the child could be better cared for at the hospital there, than in the poor, bare log-house.

Once more the dogs were made ready and the homeward start was made. It seemed as though they understood what need there was of hurry. Up hill and down flew the team, till at last the lights of the hospital could be seen. And the " Room " that held the wonderful Christmas tree, — this, too, was ablaze with light. A crowd of people were gathered and waiting anxiously for the coming of Santa Claus.

When they saw their good friend and the present he had brought the hospital — the sick boy who had come to be healed of his terrible wound — perhaps they were

a bit disappointed. They had hoped to see Santa Claus appear, and certainly Dr. Grenfell did not look like Santa Claus.

A short time afterwards another sledge drove up to the door. It held a big box and two strange-looking beings. Their faces were almost hidden by big mufflers. Two pairs of bright eyes could be seen, however, as well as long icicles hanging from mustache and whiskers. These strange beings seemed quite out of breath from a hurried journey. Surely they were Santa Claus and his good wife! And the box! Why, of course, it was full of the presents they had brought to the people of St. Anthony.

How excited every one was! And how sure all the children were that they were looking at the real, true Santa Claus. It would not have been so much fun if they had known that the box was empty, for the presents had been placed on the tree hours before. And that these wonderful beings, Santa Claus and his wife, were none other than Dr. Grenfell and his friend,

who had whisked away to another house and "dressed up," no one would have guessed for a moment.

Of course, there was a joyful evening; there was never anything like it before. The room was filled with happy people and rang with their shouts of delight. But overhead in the hospital ward lay a sick boy who was Dr. Grenfell's present to himself. It was the best kind of a present possible, for the child's life had been saved and he would live to have many happy years with his mother and friends. It is no wonder that the good doctor felt he himself had the greatest joy in giving, beside which all other pleasures are small indeed.

One of the most useful presents Dr. Grenfell has given to the people of Labrador is the herd of reindeer, which were sent all the way from Norway.

"Why should not these animals live here among my poor friends?" he thought. "It is certainly cold enough in Labrador for them to thrive and do well. Then the

children can have the fresh milk which they need so much."

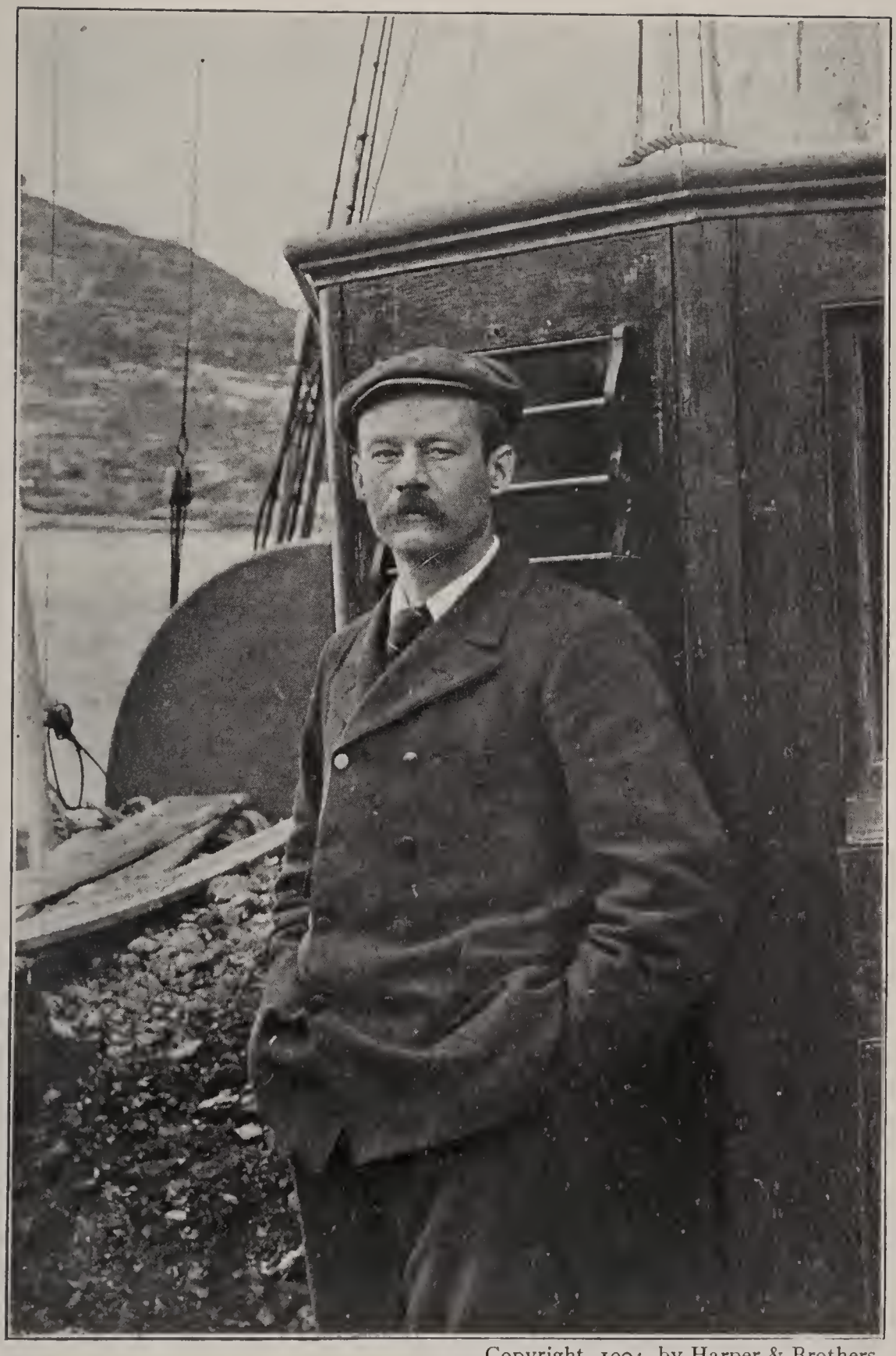
This good doctor was never satisfied with merely thinking. As soon as possible he purchased the reindeer and they came sailing in a big ship across the ocean to their new home. In a short time they were frisking over the Labrador fields as though they had always lived there; not long afterwards there were baby reindeer to delight the hearts of the children, and the herd is growing larger all the time.

It would be hard to tell you all the things which keep Dr. Grenfell busy through the year. He cares for the sick people along the three thousand miles of coast. He sets the broken arms and legs, and he pulls out the aching teeth. He baptizes the babies, and marries the young men and women in lonely places, where no minister ever goes. He gets wooden legs for poor cripples. He carries food and clothing to those who are in need. He holds meetings wherever he goes, telling the people of the love of the good God, and of the work

Jesus, the Christ, did on earth. He even keeps a diary for the sake of telling the newspapers in other lands of what is happening in Labrador. This is to interest the readers of the newspapers so that they will send help to the suffering people of Labrador.

During the summer Dr. Grenfell navigates his little steamer as it makes its way along the rough and rocky shore. Sometimes he has to leave it and row for miles in an open boat to a place where the steamer cannot enter. Through the long cold winter he rides over the country in his dog-sledge to carry help to the sick and the suffering.

While his hands are busy, his mind is also at work, making plans in regard to the hospitals which he has built along the coast, the shops and stores which he has set up to give people work, and the herd of reindeer which is to be of such use to them. There are lending libraries, too, which he has started, and which he must think of, for he knows that books are sure to bring



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Dr. Grenfell on his steamer, the *Strathcona*. *Page* 176.

pleasure to both big folks and little. All these things and many more keep Dr. Grenfell's mind and hands so busy that the weeks and the months fly swiftly past.

Is it strange, therefore, that this magician of love is one of the happiest of men?

VII

THE MAGICIAN OF FAITH

"The Kid Judge" is rather a queer name by which to call any one, isn't it? It doesn't sound very respectful, yet its owner, Judge Lindsey, has come to be known by it throughout the country, because of the good he has done to children who have need of love and sympathy.

Denver is a large city in the western State of Colorado. As in other cities, many rich people live there. But there are also many who are poor. There are boys and girls in Denver who grow up without knowing how beautiful the word "home" is. They live for the most part in the streets, where they learn to lie and to steal. Sooner or later these boys and girls are sent to reform schools or the jail.

These are the young people whom Judge Lindsey likes to help. He has taken them

into his heart and had faith in them when other people have turned from them with scorn. This faith has been like refreshing rain to plants that were fast withering. The hearts of these children have opened up and shown that they were not different from the hearts of others. They could love and trust, and could be made strong in goodness.

Let us go back to the child days of Judge Lindsey himself. When he was a small boy, he and his younger brother lived with an aunt and grandfather on a farm in Jackson, Tennessee. Their father was a railroad man and had charge of the telegraph system on his road.

When Ben was eleven years old, his parents decided to make their home in Denver, and sent for their sons to join them there. The children enjoyed the journey. The conductors were very kind, and the time passed quickly, for the boys were kept busy listening to stories which an old man told them of days long ago, when he traveled over the very prairies

they were now crossing. At that time there were no towns and villages, nor even farms to pass. Neither were there any railroads. In every direction there were only great stretches of grass where thousands of buffaloes were quietly feeding. Ben listened so eagerly to the stories of these old days that he could scarcely turn his eyes away from the old man's face to look out of the car window.

When he and his brother reached Denver he was astonished at everything he saw. The high buildings seemed very wonderful to this boy who had been brought up on a farm.

Some of Ben's school days were spent in a convent at Notre Dame, Indiana. He read the *Lives of the Saints* there, and he thought it must be more beautiful to be a saint than anything else in the world. It was not easy, either; they did things to make themselves suffer and so grow brave and patient. And just because it was beautiful and not easy, Ben said: "I will become a saint myself."

There was a very good priest named Father Hudson at the convent, whom Ben loved dearly. Ben learned that this priest used to put pebbles in his shoes. "I will make myself better," the priest had thought, "by bearing discomforts pleasantly." So Ben put pebbles in his own shoes for a while, hoping to make himself as good as Father Hudson.

All the time that he was in Denver and also at school in the convent, he was homesick for the farm at Jackson, and at last Ben's father told him he could go back.

He stayed at Jackson till he was seventeen years old. His relations sent him to a Baptist school there. He had soon given up all thought of becoming a saint, and a new idea filled his mind, — he wished to become a lawyer.

The news came that Ben's father was ill and that he could never be strong again. He needed his son's help, so Ben left his pleasant home in Jackson and started at once for Denver, where he went to work

to help get money enough to support the family.

When his father died Ben was eighteen, and being the oldest of four children, was now the head of the little family. He had saved one hundred and fifty dollars which he had earned. Nearly all of this sum was spent in paying his father's funeral expenses.

Ben's mother had never been used to hard work, and was far from well. It must have seemed very hard to her now to move into a little cottage in the poor part of the city and to pinch and save in every way to "make both ends meet."

Ben himself was getting only ten dollars a month as office boy in a real estate office. To get a little more money, before the office opened in the morning he carried newspapers, and at night when it had closed he worked as a janitor. Soon afterwards, however, he got a place where he could earn twenty-five dollars a month as office boy.

After a while his younger brother had

a chance to work in a law office. Ben had not given up his wish to become a lawyer when he grew up. Where this idea came from no one knew, but it had a strong hold upon him. Now, in a law office, there was a chance to take the first step. So he proposed to his brother that each should take the other's job. The change was made, and Benjamin B. Lindsey was on the road to becoming a lawyer.

In his new place he copied letters, did errands, carried books to the court rooms and back again, and scrubbed the floors. Between times he had a chance to read the big law books in the office, and every spare moment he could get he spent poring over one of these.

He was a pale, sickly-looking fellow, small for his age, and he appeared much younger than he really was. Night after night, when he should have been getting good sleep, he sat up reading the law books which were as interesting to him as exciting stories are to most boys. Besides, he was anxious, oh, so very anxious, to learn as

fast as possible. It is not strange that in the daytime, after studying late the night before, he seemed so stupid that his employer was often provoked with him. Then he would be ashamed of himself, and hopeless of ever getting on in the world.

When he was at home he was unhappy, too. He saw his poor mother suffering from poverty, when all her life everything had been made easy for her. Ben could just remember the old days " down South " when there were negro servants to wait upon his mother, and horses on which to go riding through the beautiful country. It was dreadful to think of the change.

He was so anxious to save every penny that was possible, that he did not get himself proper food for his luncheon in the midst of the busy day. Even now he can remember the molasses and gingerbread he ate then, and which nearly made him ill.

Discouraged as he got at times, he kept on, learning more and more from the big law books. At last his salary was in-

creased, and he was no longer an office boy, but a regular clerk.

About this time he and some of his young friends, who were also interested in the law, hired a room and played at holding court. They studied all sorts of law questions and defended imaginary people. As it turned out, the Denver University Law School started with this class of young men.

In those early days, Mr. Lindsey had one great thought of what the law could do and of what he himself wished to do when he knew more of it. People who were in trouble could be helped by it, and he would be one who would give that help.

On the summit of the hill on whose slope Denver is built, stood the State Capitol, built of solid granite. As the young man looked at it, reaching up toward the sky, and with its face toward the lofty mountains in the west, he thought of it as the Temple of the Law. It stood for the freedom which America gives to troubled people who come from all over the world.

It was a beautiful thought. Mr. Lindsey little knew then how many laws were yet needed to protect the poor and ignorant. He was waking up, however, and even then getting ready for the fight against wrong into which he would enter by and by.

After years of hard work, the examinations had all been passed, and he had become a lawyer. People found out in a short time that he was different from many others who followed the same profession. He was not willing to work for a person if he thought him in the wrong. But he was always ready to fight, and fight hard, for any one whom he believed to be right. Indeed, he fought so hard and so well that he did not stop with being a mere lawyer. Before many years he was made Judge of the County Court, and took his place in the Denver Court-house to try the people who should be brought before him.

Far overhead, on the top of the dome of the building, stood a figure of Justice. This figure seemed to say: "I stand for the right that shall be done to every one who

asks for it in the hall below." Mr. Lindsey made up his mind when he took his place there to see that justice should be done.

One wintry day, soon after he became a judge, he had been busy for hours listening to a tiresome case about some furniture. It was already afternoon when he was asked to stop and attend to a matter which he could settle in a minute or two. He said he was willing to do so, and a small boy was brought before him. The child was trembling and looked up with big, scared eyes. A paper was put in Judge Lindsey's hands telling him why this boy had been arrested. He had been stealing coal from the tracks, and there was no one who could defend him.

As the judge read the paper, he knew that the little fellow was watching him, still trembling and frightened, trying to tell from the judge's face what would be done with him.

How Judge Lindsey pitied the boy! But he thought: "There is no help for it. The child has stolen. I must stand

by the law, which says that in such a case he must go to the State Reform School."

So, when he had settled the case, as he thought, he turned to go on with the matter of the furniture which he had put aside. Just then a wrinkled old woman, with her head wrapped in a shawl, got up from a seat in the far corner of the court room and came towards him. She began to talk, but she was so excited that it was hard to understand a word that she said. When she found that no one would listen to her, the poor old creature clutched at her hair and screamed aloud. She wanted to save the boy, but there was no one who understood or who would listen. The bailiff took hold of her and dragged her out of the room, but she fought against him and filled the air with her screams.

When she was out of sight, Judge Lindsey still heard those bitter cries and screams. He felt so bad that he could not go on with the day's business, so he went away to his own rooms where he could quietly think the matter over. What ought he to do? The

boy had broken the law; according to the law he must be punished. The cries of the poor mother did not alter the matter. He could still hear those pitiful screams, and it seemed as though he could not bear it. At last he sent word that the boy should be given back to his mother.

Even though he was a judge he felt that he had hardly a right to give such an order. But there was the woman almost wild with her trouble, and there was the poor little boy who was so very young that he seemed almost a baby! Yes, those people must be helped.

That night Judge Lindsey went with an officer to the boy's home. They found the family living in two rooms in a dirty, wretched hut. The father was sick in bed; the mother and children were nearly starving, and it seemed that the boy who had been brought into court that day had gone to the railroad tracks and stolen coal to keep his parents and the baby warm.

After Judge Lindsey had listened to the story he talked to the boy, telling him

he must be careful in the future to obey the law, but this time he should not be sent to the reform school. He should have another chance. The boy's mother was so happy that she kissed the judge's hands, and the neighbors flocked in to thank him.

As he went home that night, the judge was very busy thinking. He had made up his mind that it was wrong to have only one court for both old people and young ones. There should be a special court for children who had done wrong, and the laws for them should be different, too. He was very sure of it.

A few days after this another case, which came before him to be tried, had also to do with children. Three small boys, crying bitterly, were brought before him. He was told that they had stolen some pigeons from the barn of a man named Fay. When the judge heard the name Fay, he suddenly remembered something that had happened when he himself was a boy. He and his young friends did not like the man, for he was cross and disagree-

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

Judge Lindsey in his juvenile court, Denver. *Page* 190.

able to boys. They thought it would be a good joke to rob him of his pigeons. But when they drew near the barn, Ben Lindsey had backed out, but not because it was wrong, for he hadn't thought of that. He had wanted to take the pigeons for the sake of teasing Mr. Fay and punishing him for being mean to himself and the other boys. Yes, that was the way he had looked on it, and he gave up simply because he wasn't as brave as his friends.

As he thought of those old days, he looked across the court room and saw Mr. Fay. Yes, he was the very man whom he knew in his young days.

"Bring the boys into my chambers," he told the clerk.

When they were there alone with him they told their story. Two of the boys believed Mr. Fay had taken their pigeons. They had a quarrel with him, and then he had called in a policeman to settle the matter. After that, they tried to get even with him by taking his own pigeons.

Judge Lindsey listened till the boys had

finished. Then he talked to them about the harm of doing wrong. He told them he would let them go free this time, but he warned them that they must be careful in the future and obey the law.

He had done his duty as a judge, but when the boys had gone away, he went to the clerk and told him it was all wrong to bring such children into the court room and act towards them as though they were grown people. They ought not to be sent to prison and lose their good names for life, when they did not understand the wrong they were doing.

Judge Lindsey did not stop after saying what he felt about the matter. He began to make a study of the laws, and went to the jails to find out how the children who were brought there, were treated. He learned of the ways in which many boys were treated, so that they were led on and on till they ended by becoming bad men. He saw how they were punished and made to suffer.

He lay awake nights thinking of them

and making plans so that poor children, like the little boy who had taken the coal for the sake of his mother and sister, should not be treated in the same way as wicked men and women. Old laws must be changed and new and better ones made. Children must have a court of their own. Besides this, there must be public playgrounds and baths, where they could be kept busy and happy, and have less time to get into mischief.

Work was needed, — a great deal of work, — and there was no one ready to do it but Judge Lindsey himself. He saw this and he knew there was a hard fight before him. But it was a good fight, and he was not afraid. Little did he know then how much he would be misunderstood, and that before he got through he would come near losing his own good name.

"That man is crazy," people said. "He is taking the part of bad boys and girls against the police."

He did take the part of the children, it is true. But he wished only to have them

treated fairly. Those boys whom others called bad he called weak. "They must be helped to grow strong," he said to himself over and over.

How was this to be done, when these children had no one at home to teach them what is right and what is wrong? First of all, he would show such children that he was their friend and that he cared for them. Next, they must learn to trust him. And after that, they must learn to be trusted. He never asked them to tell tales. No, he showed them that he admired them for standing by each other, no matter what wrong had been done.

It was a long time before they were willing to believe he was really their friend. At first they sneered at him when he told them he wished to help them. He showed them, however, that he was not merely talking; he was doing things all the time to prove how good a friend he was. After a while they saw this and gave him their love. Yes, street urchins, who had been growing up with fear of every one, who did

not know what home and tender care meant, had this love stowed away in their hearts, all ready to be given out. And Judge Lindsey was the one who drew it forth.

It is true that boys still came before him for breaking laws, and many a time he gave the order that they were to be punished. He had to do this, he told them, or he would lose his place as judge. After they had come to know him as their friend, they trusted him completely, feeling that the punishment would be as light as possible.

Many years have gone by since Judge Lindsey began his great work. There is now in Denver a Juvenile Court, such as he wished for long ago. People from other parts of the world go there to see how it is carried on, and learn how to treat the boys and girls who do wrong in their own lands in such a way that they may behave better and take the right road which leads to being good men and women.

There are public playgrounds and pub-

lic baths in Denver, where the young folks may have so much pleasure that they will have little time to think of doing wrong deeds. Old laws have been changed, and new and good ones made especially for children, just as Judge Lindsey hoped.

Those things which have just been mentioned are but a small part of what this man has done for the good of his country. Yet, surely, the children of America will like best to think of him as the "Kid Judge of Denver," for whom many of the poor boys and girls of that city would almost be willing to give their lives. He has given them a "chance."

THE END.

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